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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters on the State of Christianity in India; in which the Conversion of the Hindoos is considered as impracticable, &c. &c. By the Abbé J. A. Dubois, Missionary in Mysore. 8vo. pp. 222. London 1823. Longman & Co.

INVOLVING and discussing a question of the utmost interest, it is with regret we find ourselves compelled to say that the statements and arguments contained in this, apparently candid and honest, volume seem to us to be decisive against the practicability of converting the natives of India to the Christian faith, and hardly less so against the utility of attempting to circulate the scriptures among them. The experience of a great many years, and the extent of information possessed by the author of the "Description of the People of India," would give much weight to the opinions here maintained, even were they more questionable than they are on the score of obvious prejudice, or of leaning towards theory. But a Roman Catholic Missionary can hardly be suspected of Hindooism; and we fear that the friends of Bible Societies and other Institutions, formed to promote the conversion of the heathen, must feel that in this populous portion of the earth at least their zealous and benevolent efforts are nearly, if not altogether, hopeless. It is with pain we make this confession, but with compels it; and we must be satisfied with the trust that Providence will in its own good time vindicate its own ways, in respect to the millions of Asia.

The present work is in the form of Letters; and though repetitions are not always avoided, there are so many facts disclosed, and so much intelligence communicated, that it must be considered a most important book, whether by those who are convinced by it, or by those who may doubt its arguments and desire to refute them. For we are free to declare that some answer is absolutely requisite from the supporters of Missionary and Bible Societies, who direct their attention to the Eastern world; for the Abbé Dubois is not a common opponent, and will not easily be overcome.

His notions on the subject (he tells us) are derived from an experience of thirty-two years of confidential and quite unrestrained intercourse among the natives of India, of all castes, religions, and ranks; during which, in order to win their confidence and remove suspicion, as far as possible, he has constantly lived like them, embracing their manners, customs, and most of their prejudices, in his dress, his diet, their rules of civility and good-breeding, and their mode of intercourse in the world. But the restraints under which he has lived during so long a period of his life, have proved of no advantage to him in promoting the sacred cause in which he was engaged as a religious teacher. During that time he has vainly, in his exertions to promote the cause of Christianity, watered the soil of India with his sweat, and many times with his tears, at the sight of the quite insurmountable obduracy

of the people he had to deal with; ready to water it with his blood, if his doing so had been able to overcome the invincible resistance he had to encounter every where, in his endeavours to disseminate some gleams of the evangelical light. Every where the seeds sown by him have fallen upon a naked rock, and have instantly dried away.

"At length, entirely disgusted at the total inutility of his pursuits, and warned by his grey hair that it was full time to think of his own concerns, he has returned to Europe, to pass in retirement the few days he may still have to live, and get ready to give in his accounts to his Redeemer."

Copying the example of the persevering Jesuits,* the first who attempted to proselytize India, the Abbé adopted the native manners, and conformed to their innocent

* "The Jesuits began their work under favourable auspices, and made a great number of converts among all castes of Hindoos, in those countries where they were allowed the free exercise of their religious functions. It appears from authentic lists, made up about seventy years ago, that the number of native Christians in these countries was as follows, viz. in the Marawa about 50,000, in the Madura above 100,000, in the Carnatic 50,000, in Mysore 35,000. At the present time hardly a third of this number is to be found in these districts respectively."

Pope Benedict XIV. having interfered to prevent the Jesuits from conforming too much to Hindoo customs, &c. his "orders were reluctantly complied with: but what the Jesuits had foreseen happened:—a great number of proselytes preferred renouncing the new religion to abandoning their practices. A stop was put to conversions; and the Christian religion began to become odious to the Hindoos on account of its intolerance."

"At that very time happened the European invasion, and the bloody contests for dominion between the English and French. The Europeans, till then almost entirely unknown to the natives in the interior, introduced themselves in several ways and under various denominations into every part of the country. The Hindoos soon found that those missionaries, whom their colour, their talents, and other qualities, had induced them to regard as such extraordinary beings, as men coming from another world, were in fact nothing else but disguised Fringy (Europeans); and that their country, their religion, and original education, were the same with those of the rife, the contemptible Fringy, who had of late invaded their country. This event proved the last blow to the interests of the Christian religion. No more conversions were made; apostasy became almost general in several quarters; and Christianity became more and more an object of contempt and aversion, in proportion as the European manners became better known to the Hindoos."

"Nearly at that period the suppression of the order of the Jesuits took place in Europe; and there being no longer a sufficient number of missionaries, a national black clergy was formed, and the attendance on the remaining congregations entrusted to their care. Those native missionaries not having the advantage of a proper education, and many amongst them shewing themselves more attached to their own interests than to those of religion, enjoy but little con-

prejudices. Yet he, with all the imposing externals of his religion to boot, and with diligence and assiduity, utterly failed: what then can we expect from the labours of others? We may come to a conclusion as we advance with our Review.

"The question to be considered may be reduced to these two points: First, Is there a possibility of making real converts to Christianity among the natives in India? Secondly, Are the means employed for that purpose, and above all, the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the idioms of the country, likely to conduce to this desirable object?

"To both interrogatories (says the Abbé) I will answer in the negative: it is my decided opinion, first, that under existing circumstances, there is no human possibility of converting the Hindoos to any sect of Christianity; and, secondly, that the translation of the Holy Scriptures circulated among them, so far from conducing to this end, will, on the contrary, increase the prejudices of the natives against the Christian religion, and prove in many respects detrimental to it."

Dilating on this judgment, the author in various places asserts:

"The Christian religion is at the present time become so odious, that in several parts of the country a Hindoo, who should happen to have friends or connections among the natives professing this religion, would not dare to own it in public, as he would be exposed to severe reproof for holding a familiar intercourse with (in their opinion) people so degraded."

"Such is the state of degradation to which Christianity has been reduced in these latter times; and which must be imputed in a great degree to the immoral and irregular conduct of many Europeans, in every part of the country."

"Besides the Christians of the Catholic persuasion, there are still existing in some parts of the country small congregations of the Lutheran sect; but they are held, if possible, in a still higher degree of contempt than the former."

"The Lutheran mission was established at deration even among their flocks, and none among the natives of any other description."

"Such is the abridged history of the rise, the progress, and the decline of the Christian religion in India. The low state to which it is now reduced, and the contempt in which it is held, cannot be surpassed. There is not at present in the country (as mentioned before) more than a third of the Christians who were to be found in it eighty years ago, and this number diminishes every day by frequent apostasy. It will dwindle to nothing in a short period; and if things continue as they are now going on, within less than fifty years there will, I fear, remain no vestige of Christianity among the natives."

"The Christian religion, which was formerly an object of indifference, or at most of contempt, is at present become, I will venture to say, almost an object of horror. It is certain that during the last sixty years no proselytes, or but a very few, have been made."

Tranquar a little more than a century ago. There were at all times among the missionaries of this sect respectable persons, distinguished by their talents and virtues; but they had only trifling successes in the work of proselytism: it could not be otherwise; the protestant religion being too simple in its worship to attract the attention of the Hindoo: as it has no show, no pomp, no outward ceremonies capable of making a strong impression on the senses, it was of course disliked by a quite sensual people, and has never had any considerable success.

"If any of the several modes of Christian worship were calculated to make an impression and gain ground in the country, it is no doubt the Catholic form, which you protestants call an idolatry in disguise: it has a *Poega* or sacrifice (the mass is termed by the Hindoos *Poega*, literally, sacrifice); it has processions, images, statues, *tirtan* or holy-water, fasts, *tittis* or feasts, and prayers for the dead, invocation of saints, &c. all which practices bear more or less resemblance to those in use among the Hindoos. Now, if even such a mode of worship is become so objectionable to the natives, can it be reasonably expected that any one of the simple protestant sects will ever prosper among them? The contrary has till now been the case. I have just observed that the Lutheran missionaries have had no sensible success during more than a century. At the present time their congregations are reduced to four or five: the most worthy of notice are, one at Vepery near Madras, consisting of about five or six hundred souls; another at Trankbar, composed of about twelve hundred; another at Tanjore, of nearly the same number; and a fourth at Trichinopoly, of about three or four hundred.

"There are besides a few protestant Christians dispersed chiefly in the Tinivelly district, but in such small numbers that they do not deserve the name of congregations. - - -

"In the meantime, do not suppose that those thin congregations are wholly composed of converted pagans; at least half consists of catholic apostates, who went over to the Lutheran sect in times of famine, or from other interested motives.

"It is not uncommon on the coast to see natives who successively pass from one religion to another, according to their actual interest. In my last journey to Madras, I became acquainted with native converts who regularly changed their religion twice a year, and who for a long while were in the habit of being six months catholic, and six months protestant. - - -

"Respecting the new missionaries, of several sects, who have of late years made their appearance in the country, you may rest assured, as far as my information on the subject goes, that notwithstanding the pompous reports made by several among them, all their endeavors to make converts have till now proved abortive, and that their successes are only to be seen on paper."

These are strong arguments on the question of proselytism, and the following are difficult positions on that of circulating the Bible:

"I will (says the Abbé) resume my subject, and show that the naked text of the Bible, exhibited without a long previous preparation to the Hindoos, must prove detrimental to the Christian religion, and increase their aversion to it, inasmuch as this sacred book contains in almost every page accounts which cannot fail deeply to wound their feelings,

by openly hurting prejudices which are held most sacred.

"To you who have some acquaintance with the education and customs of the Hindoos, I will put the following simple questions:

"What will a well-bred native think, when, in reading over this holy book, he sees that Abraham, after receiving the visit of three angels under a human shape, entertains his guest by causing a calf to be killed, and served to them for their fare? The prejudiced Hindoo will at once judge that both Abraham and his heavenly guests were nothing but vile pariahs; and, without further reading, he will forthwith throw away the book, containing (in his opinions) such sacrilegious accounts.

"What will a Brahmin say, when he peruses the details of the bloody sacrifices prescribed in the mosaical law in the worship of the true God? He will assuredly declare, that the god who could be pleased with the shedding of the blood of so many victims immolated to his honour, must undoubtedly be a deity of the same kind (far be from me the blasphemy) as the mischievous Hindoo deities, Cobly, Mahry, Darma-rajah, and other infernal gods, whose wrath cannot be appeased but by the shedding of blood, and the immolating of living victims.

"But, above all, what will a Brahmin or any other well-bred Hindoo think, when he peruses in our holy books the account of the immolating of creatures held most sacred by him? What will be his feelings, when he sees that the immolating of oxen and bulls constituted a leading feature in the religious ordinances of the Israelites, and that the blood of those most sacred animals was almost daily shed at the shrine of the god they adored? What will be his feelings when he sees, that after Solomon had at immense expense and labour built a magnificent temple in honour of the true God, he made the *pratisa* or consecration of it, by causing 22,000 oxen to be slaughtered, and overflowing his new temple with the blood of these sacred victims? He will certainly in perusing accounts (in his opinion so horribly sacrilegious,) shudder, and be seized with the liveliest horror, look on the book containing such shocking details as an abominable work (far be from me, once more, the blasphemy, I am expressing the feelings of a prejudiced Pagan,) throw it away with indignation, consider himself as polluted for having touched it, go immediately to the river for the purpose of purifying himself by ablutions from the defilement he thinks he has contracted, and before he again enters his house, he will send for a Poorohita Brahmin to perform the requisite ceremonies for purifying it from the defilement it has contracted, by ignorantly keeping within its walls so polluted a thing as the Bible.

"In the mean while he will become more and more confirmed in the idea, that a religion which derives its tenets from so impure a source is altogether detestable, and that those who profess it, must be the basest and vilest of men.

"Such are the effects which, in my humble opinion, the reading of the naked text of the Bible cannot fail to produce on the unprepared minds of the prejudiced Hindoos.

"I have only cited the above instances, being the first which occurred to my mind in writing this letter; but I could point out in almost every chapter of holy writ passages nearly as exceptionable, and which it would be equally dangerous to exhibit without a

long previous explanation to the prejudiced Hindoo.

"On the whole, it is my decided opinion, that to open all at once and without a long preparation, this precious treasure, to the Hindoos, would be similar to attempting to cure a person labouring under severe sore eyes, by obliging him to stare at the rays of a shining sun, at the risk of rendering him altogether blind, or at least of being altogether dazzled and confounded by an excess of light. It would be the same as the administering of solid food to young babes, whilst their weak stomachs are hardly adequate to digest milk of the lightest kind; it is exactly (to use the language of the scriptures,) 'to give that which is holy unto the dogs, and cast pearls before swine;' it is 'to put wine into old bottles, which break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish.'

From what we have above said, the reader will naturally expect our resumption of the subject in the succeeding Number of the L.G.

The Social Day: a Poem in Four Cantos. By Peter Cox. Illustrated with thirty-two Engravings. 8vo. pp. 354. London 1823. J. Carpenter.

The author is so well known to the literary circles of the metropolis, that it would be impertinent were we to say a word about him for our London edition; and even as it regards our country and foreign impression, we presume that his name may be sufficiently expanded to absolve us from the task of particular description. Suffice it to say, that he has here presented us with one of the most beautifully illustrated poems which has issued from the British press; and that though as a composition its pretensions are not of a high order, there is no sentiment, throughout its very discursive range, which virtue, patriotism and morality will not approve. Indeed Mr. Cox's Muse is a well-meaning, if a little loose and slipshod lady in her demeanour; and however we might critically animadvert on his verse, we should find it impossible not to allow applause to his social affections and benevolent feelings.

Advertisements and prefaces let us into all the author's difficulties since the year 1815 (almost the advised nine years of keeping,) and exhibit his anxieties and troubles in getting his embellishments finished for publication. These happily surmounted, he throws himself on the indulgent world; and in a long prelude half defies, half soothes, the *Critic's Crew*. He then ambles away in his familiar and good-natured style; painting all the enjoyments of an English country seat (Highgrove, the residence of a Mr. Babb) and interspersing the picture of a pleasing rural life with episodes of every imaginable kind and character which history, recollection, intercourse with society, books, and the arts, could suggest. Of his manner of doing this, any one extract will suffice to give a correct idea; and we shall accordingly take it at a chance opening of the book. It is "after dinner,"

When beauty's beams no longer blaze,
And round the table shed bright rays;
'Tis then the scattered guests prepare
To rally and support the chair;
Close their wide ranks, take nearer line,
And bathe wit's lips in rosy wine.
And now the cellar's deep domain
Sends forth fresh stores to light again
There doomed to dwell, 'till like the wand
That Prospero awayed, in high command,

The magic screw and potent key
Set the imprisoned spirit free.
Wine, cheering wine, that lightens woe,
And bids the pulse of friendship glow;
Prolongs man's life by moderate use;
But undermines it, by abuse;
And is a source of joy or evil,
A comfort or pernicious devil.
Who seeks intemperance as a mate,
Will mourn the folly soon or late.
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile;
The grave, in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repent word bring out:
Intoxicating wine! pernicious to mankind,
Unravels the limbs, and dulls the noblest mind."

When converse with the bottle flies,
Then wit will simultaneous rise;
But when the bottle rules the hall,
'Tis tyranny—oppression all:
And hateful is confusion's table,
Where reigns the many tongue, like Babel;
The ceaseless tale of hound and horn,
Of southern breeze, the sportman's morn,
The daring leap, the lengthened chase,
Mid orgies ending in disgrace,
The nauseous joke repeated o'er,
The chorused song in stunning roar:—
Far be such scenes of festive strife
From the mild sphere of polished life.
Blithe round the board in every glass,
Here ruby drops with temperance pass;
And as on Autumn's tranquil morn,
When the grey mist, in pastures born,
Fills the whole air's encircling space,
Hiding the sun's refulgent face;
So will the crystal's dewy side
Conceal the grape's inspiring tide;
Till as the purple treasures flow,
Replenished in translucent glow,
Unveiled, they burst from clouds to light,
In flavour rich, in beauty bright.

Bound by no harsh imperious measure,
No arbitrary tax on pleasure;
At large, and left to freedom's thinking,
No rule is given, no law of drinking,
But that, attentive to convey
The current in each neighbour's way,
From right to left—the rule confess
As Homer's ancient lays attest,—
And while the cheerful minutes pass,
Still rational, o'er every glass!
The speech correct, the judgment stable,
Enjoy the converse of the table.
To form the intellectual treat,

That makes the banquet hour complete,
'Tis judgment's task to suit with care
The party that the meal should share.
Though wealth can crowded boards procure,
It will not wit nor sense ensure;
Such, into brilliant contest brought,
Must be the growth of prudent thought.

To this quotation, from which, as we have
said, the author's whole style may be ap-
praised, we shall add one of those varieties
which he appears to have introduced to di-
versify the tellum of a long poem in the same
measure:

When Spring, fresh bathed in tepid showers,
Reposes on a bed of flowers;
And opening buds, on branch and spray,
Attest the balmy kiss of May;
And every plant and shrub that grows,
Smiles as the amorous west wind blows;
Crocus and hyacinths array,
And the blue violet scents the way,
With fragrance of the new-mown hay:
All is delight amid the grove,
Harmonious concert, mingled love.

The feathered choir their notes prolong,
In carols of connubial song;
Till Cynthia, o'er the brow of night
Slow rising, with diffusive light,
Plays on the bank, illumines the vale,
And cheers the plaintive nightingale,
Sweet chauntress of the thoughtful hour;
And Highgrove rivals Eden's bower.

When Summer's fervid heats prevail,
'Tis then we seek the attempering gale,
Limit to arched walks the way,
To screen the eye from garish day:
Then Highgrove yields a cool retreat,
In sheltered glen, on moss-grown seat:
The woods are sought, enjoyed the shade,
And shunned the sun and open glade.

When Autumn in her 'brodery vest
Of rainbow tints, no more is dressed,
And all her varying fruits that grew,
No longer ripening hang to view:

When presses groan, and vats o'erflow,
Pouring the grape's impurpled tide;
And rays intense have ceased to glow,
And harvest's busy toils subside:

When wasps no longer fill the air,
Intent in plundering tribes to roam,
To wage against Pomona war,
Seeking instead their curious home:

When the young swallow leaves his nest,
Taught by the mother bird to fly,
And towering spreads his wings, in quest
Of other realms and warmer sky:

When oats are mown, and barley's reaped,
And ploughs again begin to move;
And hops are picked, and oasts are heaped,
Thro' man's due care, and Heaven's kind love,

Piled are the poles which slanting yield,
In regular extended row,
The semblance of a tented field,
Where footsteeps leave no herb to grow:

When stacked and thatched are golden sheaves,
The large reward of toil and care;
And Autumn's fingers paint the leaves,
Leaving vermilion beauties there;

Rich as the tints that grateful speak,
Telling of youth and sprightly days;
Proclaiming on the aged cheek
The benefits of temperate ways:

When gleaning crowds no more appear,
And prospects now are opening wide,
Housed is the produce of the year,
And nought remains at large to bide;

Save where, in frequent patches seen,
Amid the stubble standing high,
Swathe-bound is left the dusky bean,
To greet the air and face the sky:

And when, convened the feast to share,
Which grateful farmers spread with pride,
The labourer's anthems rend the air,
And harvest mirth and joys preside:—

Autumn's mild charms new joys impart,
Abstract the mind from sordid sense;
Call forth new rapture in the heart,
And speak the praise of Providence;

And Highgrove owns Heaven's sovereign power,
That gladdens thus each social hour.

When Winter, in his Protean forms,
Summons around his vassal storms,
Sullen arrives, and ruthless flings
Ungentle air from flaggy wings,
Spreading his murky mantle round,
And prints deep footsteps in the ground;
Shrivels the blade, bids plants decay,
And from the two extremes of day
Drives away a luminous hour away;

Prisons in ice the liquid plains,
And, treacherous to bewildered swains,
In mountain heaps of dazzling snow
Conceals the fatal pit below;
Though sleet descends and pattering hail,
Though his rude winds the roofs assail,
And prostrates forests with the gale;
Though vales are drrenched, and torrents roar,
Highgrove has endless charms in store,
And can defy the inclement year.
Highgrove has comforts yet to cheer;
The social friend, the sheltered walk,
The well-spread board, the evening talk;
The crackling log in blazing pile,
That makes the passing minutes smile,
Promotes the tale of harmless mirth,
And draws the circle round the hearth.

This selection sets Mr. Cox's poetical ca-
pabilities in a more favourable light than
the preceding quotation; but after all, the pecu-
liar claim of his volume to the public atten-
tion will be found in its exquisite illustrations.
The designs, by Alexander, Bigg, Chalons,
Calcott, Cooper, Constable, Garrard, Green,
Hearne, Hills, Jackson, Jones, Lugar, Nash,
Papworth, Pyne, Robertson, Smirke, Ste-
phanoff, Stothard, Ward, and Wilkie; and
engraved most ably by Scriven, W. Bond,
J. Scott, J. Byrne, Moses, Landseer, Anker
Smith, T. Bragge, W. Skelton, J. Burnett,
T. Thomson, Warren, &c. impart a value to
the work far above the price at which it is
sold. For instance, we learn, that at the sale
of Mr. Warren's effects only a fortnight
ago, his engraving of Wilkie's China jar (one
of these plates) sold alone for 11. 10s. while
proofs on India paper brought as much as
from three guineas to four pounds eleven
shillings.

With this piece of news to help the author
towards a second edition, we must bid the
Social Day Good Night.

MEMORABLE DAYS IN AMERICA.

[Continued.]

HAVING amused our readers with Mr. Faux
at sea, we now renew acquaintance with him
on land.—Reaching Boston, he discovers
that there the American

"Sunday commences on the Saturday
eve; or, at any rate, ends at sunset on the
following eve. Taught three of my fellow
boarders (revenue captains) good manners.
They were all standing, spread out before the
fire, to the complete exclusion of all around.
I reached two or three chairs for them. They
all took the hint, and were immediately seated
at a fit distance from the fire, while all the
rest of the company seemed greatly amused
by the silent lecture which John Bull had so
smartly given them."

Leaving Boston to coast along for Charles-
ton, "The captain discovers a few stray
vermin in the cabin, and I, two whales in
sport, spouting water at each other!"

"From two passengers (shoemakers) I
learn that first-rate hands will turn out from
five to six pairs of ladies' shoes, per day, and
earn from 10 to 12 dollars per week. One of
these gentlemen, a staunch republican, Mr.
Atman, of Lynn, near Boston, and an intelli-
gent man, says, in reference to the fede-
ralists, that for every Julius Cæsar, there is
a Brutus."

Of such nominally grand fellows at Charles-
ton, the annexed anecdote may convey some
notion:

"Colonel M'Kinpon was this day refused
claret at dinner. The landlord was called to

account for so refusing, and instructing the bar-keeper. He appeared, and said, 'You, colonel, have referred me to your father for payment of your bill of 250 dollars, contracted here during the last three weeks; but he says he cannot and will not pay any more for you. And that I know from your father's friend, Captain Bell of the ship *Homer*, now in port.' After this, the colonel looked thoughtful, and requested I would accompany him to the captain. I did so. After the captain had politely spread out his brandy, the colonel, with pistols in his hand, said, 'If you will not meet me, I will shoot you instantly.' The captain, with an angry laugh, replied, 'O fear not! I am ready with either sword or pistol; and to-morrow morning, at ten, expect me at the hotel.' He fulfilled his promise, but the colonel had cooled and fled. After our return from the ship, the colonel wanted to shoot the landlord, and then attempted to shoot himself, but had no prime. He then begged round for prime, but could get none. I endeavoured to reason with him, but with as much effect as with a woman possessed with seven devils. 'I have a right, sir, (said he), to do as Brutus did. What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong. I am a blasted lily and a blighted heath.' This young gentleman, naturally witty and highly gifted, has married and abandoned three wives, and yet is only 22 years of age."

Leaving this pleasant boarding-house, our traveller "progressed" towards the Illinois. Beyond Camden, he tells us,

"I dined this day at my cousin Captain Rugeley's, with Mr. Irvin and family. At sunset, I visited the negro-huts, in which I found small nests or beds, full of black babies. The women were cooking corn-cakes in pans over the fire. Oak-leaves were laid over the cakes, and then hot embers or ashes on them: thus they are speedily baked. All seemed happy, having kind treatment, full bellies, and little thought; being unconsciously degraded to the level of the beasts that perish. Saw no church, nor heard any thing of a Sabbath. Slept at the Captain's in a good bed, certainly, alongside the one in which himself and lady and children slept; all in one room, the only one in the house; with a fine negro-wench on the floor, at our feet, as our body-guard, all night, in readiness to hush the children. Thus patriarchally did I and my cousins dress and undress, talk and sleep. What lovely simplicity! It is all pure, unsophisticated nature—a shining contrast to all I saw at Camden."

How delicious! the nests of black babies; the absence of religious worship and prejudices; the full bellies; the huddling all together to sleep; the shining contrast of the state of nature in which white farmers and fine negro wenches were opposed to each other in pure unsophisticated nakedness:—it is a very heaven upon earth, and enough to tempt even ourselves to emigrate.* But there are drawbacks:—

* At an English emigrant's house we have a match to this family scene: Mr. Ingle is one of our substantial farmer settlers, and an old friend of the author's, who tells us,

"My friend's log-house, as a first, is one of the best I have seen, having one large room and a chamber over it, to which you climb by a ladder. It has, at present, no windows; but when the doors are shut, the crevices between the rough logs admit light and air enough, above and below. It is five yards square, and twenty

"Negroes occasionally ride their masters' horses all night to the distance of many miles, on trading excursions, selling what they have stolen during the week. About three weeks since, a gentleman planter of this neighbourhood had one of his slaves, a strong fellow, whipped to death for stealing. The party who presided over this horrid execution, were all, as well as the owner, drunk, a circumstance which is here offered as an excuse for murder; or rather for whipping away 1000 dollars, the prime cost of the victim."

"26th.—Much alarmed last night, while in my bed in the state-room. Something jumped on my dressing-table, drank up the water, broke the glass, and disappeared. It was a rascally rat. I was awakened again by a singular rustling, rattling noise underneath my bed, and suspected it must be a huge rattle-snake. What a bed-fellow! It came not, however, into bed, but continued to annoy me all night with intermitting noises. What, gentle reader, dost thou think it proved to be? A good motherly old hen on her nest, full of hatching eggs, which she found it necessary to turn over frequently. She disturbed me no more, but remained my well-known companion."

The following are also characteristic traits: "24th.—All the morning hunting deer, but killed none. . . .

"28th.—After dinner we went a hunting, but caught nothing, except one of the most venomous serpents, called a Mocoson, and the rattle of a rattle-snake. Examined a vegetable, said to be efficacious as a remedy for the bite of these deadly serpents, and received a root of it. It is cultivated in gardens, but taken originally from the forest. It resembles a fleur-de-lis, and the flag which grows in English marshes, and is called the Rattle-snake's Master-piece. When the leg or hand of a man is bitten, the limb is buried in the earth, until a milky decoction and fomentation can be made from this herb, which, if promptly applied externally and internally, is an unfailing specific. The burying the parts affected, prevents, it is said, the poison from circulating through the system to the heart. . . .

"At noon, we were overtaken in the forest

feet high. At a little distance stand a stable for two horses, a corn crib, a pig-stye, and a store; for store-keeping is his intention, and it is a good one. Two beds in the room below, and one above, lodge us in the following manner; myself and Mr. Ingle in one bed; in the second, by our side, sleep six fine but dirty children; and in the chamber, Mrs. Ingle and a valuable English maid. Thus, on my account, husband and wife are divided. It is not unusual for a male and female to sleep in the same room uncurtained, holding conversation while in bed. In a yard adjoining the house are three sows and pigs half starved, and several cows, calves, and horses, very poor, having no grass, no pasture, but with bells about their necks, eternally ringing. Shame, or rather what is called false shame, or delicacy, does not exist here. Males dress and undress before the females, and nothing is thought of it. Here is no servant. The maid is equal to the master. No boy, or man servant. No water, but at half a mile distant. Mr. Ingle does all the jobs, and more than half the hewing, splitting, and ploughing. He is all economy, all dirty-handed industry. No wood is cut in readiness for morning fires. He and the axe procure it, and proreuder for the poor hungry cattle, pigs, and horses. His time is continually occupied, and the young boys just breeched are made useful in every possible way."

by a tremendous storm of wind, hail, rain, thunder and lightning; huge trees fell around us; houses were unroofed; and we were exposed to all its fury in our chaise under a tree. The air seemed full of thunder-bolts, inasmuch that I fancied myself shot through and through. Hail-stones, large as pigeons' eggs, smote us and our horse, but were not permitted to do us harm."

"About 20 miles west of Columbia, we saw a party of jrymen and other citizens, digging up the body of a slave, who had been wantonly whipped to death, and buried privately about a week since, and that too by the hands of his own master. As this is the second man thus murdered, the first being left unburied for dogs to eat, I thereby resolve to give publicity to all the particulars of the last case when I reach the city. The gentleman who disclosed to the Coroner the secret of this outrageous murder, came to us, stated the case clearly, and invited us to go with him and behold what was once man, but then a mis-shapen mass of putrescence. . . .

"Slept this night 68 miles from Columbia; a dreadful tempest all night, almost equal to that of yesterday. I found my bed alive with bugs, fleas, and other vermin; rose at two, a.m., to shake myself, and enjoy a sort of respite from these creeping, tormenting bed-fellows. On opening my window, I was annoyed by frogs innumerable, of two species; some loudly whistling or chattering, like English sparrows at pairing-time; others, bitterly lamenting, like thousands of chickens deserted by their mother hens; others, bellowing like cows in sorrow for weaning calves. This confusion from within and from without, from above and from below, spoiled my night's rest, and seemed to carry me back a few scores of centuries, into Egyptian plagues. . . .

"My friend, Mr. Kelsall, a visitor at my hotel, states, that he lately met at the Planter's hotel a party of thirteen gentlemen, eleven of whom had each killed his man in duels. A military officer, living in this city, kept a mistress, who knew and disliked the friend of her gallant, then living at New Orleans, and of whom she said many evil things to her gallant, which he fully credited. The New Orleans friend was then instantly challenged by letter, to which he answered personally, saying the charge against him was false, and, in explaining, he could prove it to be so. They met, and the New Orleans man, with the first shot, killed the accuser; and that, says my informant, deservedly. The survivor went up to shake hands with the dying man. 'No,' said he, with a bitter oath; 'Have I missed you?' The seconds then asked him what were his last wishes. 'I have a pair of pistols, given me by a brave fellow, and I should be sorry that they should fall into the hands of a coward; put them, I pray you, into my coffin with me.' The point of honour is maintained here in high perfection. A scoundrel, who has cheated his creditors, if reproached with it, calls out his man, and kills him if he can."

And this is the inviting land—the land for which men are seduced, by vile speculators, to desert old England and all its comforts! Never did we contemplate a more hideous picture; and even the panegyrist of America draw it in little less abhorrent colours:

"My host (says Mr. Faux, at Washington), every where the public eulogist of America, says, 'that England is the place for men of fortune, but this land for the industrious bees

who cannot live there. Fools must not come, for Americans are nationally cold, jealous, suspicious and unkind, have little or no sense of honour, believing every man a rogue until they see the contrary; thinking imposition and extortion fair business, and all men fair game; kind, obliging conduct is lost upon them. A bold, saucy, independent manner towards them, is necessary. They love nobody but themselves, and seem incapable of due respect for the feelings of others. They have nothing original; all that is good or new, is done by foreigners, and by the British, and yet they boast eternally.

Such is the rough sketch of an admiring artist, once in a state of infatuation, but now getting sane and sober. The scales have left his eyes, and he begins to see, to his sorrow. I, too, fancy I see something like a strong and general feeling of disappointment, pervading almost all I meet, who have recently emigrated; and, on examination, I find that my observation does not deceive me. All have over-rated America. Hope told a flattering, lying tale, and they believed her to their own undoing. A visit to this country will increase an Englishman's love for his own, whether he can or cannot live in it. If he cannot, he comes here, cursing the cause, hating the change, and hoping to return, on some fair future day, which fate may yet have in store for him.

The only ludicrous point in this warming description, is the whimsical bull upon an Englishman's greater love for his own country even if "he cannot live in it;" the rest is well worthy of every projecting emigrant's most serious consideration.

There are yet a few extracts, the diffusion of which we think may be beneficial, but these must be deferred for the present.

BARON FAIN'S MS.—(Concluded.)

The period from the 21st to the 31st of March was full of great events:

"We were (says the Baron) henceforth separated from the capital, its approaches were open to the enemy, but would he have the confidence to march against it?

"The new line of conduct adopted by Napoleon threatened the principal communications of the Allies, and would perhaps kindle a fatal conflagration in their rear. If they considered that bold manoeuvre with the attention it deserved, Paris would have nothing to apprehend.

"They already seemed to follow our traces with uneasiness; —

"On the 22d, we crossed the Marne at the ford of Frignicourt. A detachment was sent to summon Vitry-le-François, and the day concluded with useless demonstrations against that place. Napoleon stopped at the castle of Plessis-à-Comte, in the commune of Longchamps, between Vitry and Saint-Dizier. He there dictated the Bulletin of Arcis and some despatches for Paris, but the couriers were no longer able to proceed, and recourse was had to emissaries who promised to reach Paris by the cross roads.

"Napoleon remained the whole of the 25th at Doulevant. During that moment of rest, the cavalry of General Piré entered Chantmont, intercepted the Langres road, carried off expresses and couriers, raised the peasantry, and spread the alarm from Troyes as far as Vesoul. But on the morning of the 26th Napoleon was suddenly called back to Saint-Dizier, where the enemy had made a warm attack upon our rear guard; he had

forced it to evacuate the town, and advanced with a confidence of which Napoleon thought he could take advantage. The army with that view marched rapidly to the assistance of the rear guard, and renewed the action. The cavalry of Generals Milhaud and Sebastiani defeated the enemy at the ford of Valcour on the Marne. The Allies abandoned Saint-Dizier in disorder, and fled by the two opposite roads of Vitry and Bar-sur-Ornain.

"Napoleon entered Saint-Dizier once more, and passed the night there.

"He thought he was pursued by Prince Schwartzberg's army, but learnt from the wounded that it was a detachment of Blücher's army with which he had been engaged. It had been uniformly stated in the reports made by the rear guard, that we were followed by all the enemy's forces, and it was then ascertained that Wintzingerode's corps d'armée was the only one sent in pursuit of us. What was then become of Schwartzberg? How did it happen that Blücher's troops, which threatened Meaux but a short time before, were now at the gates of Lorraine? We were lost in conjectures. —

"The veil which covered our situation had scarcely been withdrawn, when Napoleon mounted his horse, left Vitry, and re-entered Saint-Dizier with all his troops. He shut himself up in his cabinet, and passed the night between the 27th and 28th with his maps.

"If the Allies made a good use of their advantages by marching upon Paris, we had it in our power to make a good use of ours. We were masters of our movements; nothing prevented us any longer from rallying the garrisons, from stopping up the road, and from inflicting an exemplary punishment on the audacity with which that multitude of foreigners had ventured into the heart of our provinces! Let the capital submit to its destinies, but let it be the grave of the enemy! That extremity was constantly contemplated from the beginning of the campaign. Napoleon had made every effort to familiarize himself with suitable determinations; his plans were formed in conformity to it, and he had only to persist. . . . In the moment, however, for action, every thing underwent a change; the consideration of the dangers to which Paris was exposed predominated! He was constantly harassed with the picture which was drawn of its perils. In the midst of his misfortunes he was apprehensive of appearing stern and absolute; he yielded; and all the resources which he still possessed were sacrificed to the safety of the capital!"

But Paris capitulated, and indeed had a good right to treat for its safety, since, in spite of all the parade, it is evident that Buonaparte would rather have retreated on Lorraine, could that movement have gratified his personal ambition, than have covered Paris for its own sake. When the door was shut against him, then he would madly have laid Paris waste. On the 3d of April, the whole day was spent in military operations.

"The troops were in good spirits, and received with acclamations of joy the project of delivering the capital from the hands of the enemy. The young generals, inspired with military ardour, were ready to brave new danger and fatigue. But it was not thus with the officers in the more elevated ranks: enough has already been said to show how they were influenced by the events of Paris. They trembled at the thought of the miseries

which a single movement might bring upon the wives, children, friends, &c. whom they had left in the capital. They dreaded to lose, in what might be called a headlong adventure, the rank and fortune which had been so dearly purchased, and which they had not yet enjoyed in peace; and the eagerness of the troops to make a rush upon the capital, excited the highest degree of alarm.

"Probably Napoleon had not kept sufficiently secret the proposal that had been made for his abdication. This delicate question was now publicly canvassed: the subject was whispered in the gallery of the palace, and even on the staircase of the *chapel blanc*. Unfortunately the abdication was agreeable to the views of a numerous party. It was the least disgraceful mode of getting rid of Napoleon; because they would thus be released from him by his own free will. It was therefore deemed most advisable to bring matters to a conclusion in this way; and in case Napoleon should reject the proposition, some even spoke of breaking the sceptre in his hand.

"During this state of things, intelligence arrived that the senate had proclaimed the abdication. Napoleon received the *senatus consultum* on the night of the 3d, by an express from the Duke of Ragusa. The news was almost immediately circulated among all the most distinguished individuals in Fontainebleau, and it became the general topic of conversation.

"On the 4th, orders were issued for transferring the Imperial head-quarters to a position between Ponthierry and Essonne. After the parade which took place every day at noon in the court of the *chapel blanc*, some of the principal officers of the army escorted Napoleon back to his apartment. The Prince of Neufchatel, the Prince of the Moskowa, the Duke of Dantzick, the Duke of Reggio, the Duke of Tarento, the Duke of Bassano, Grand Marshal Bertrand, and some other individuals were assembled in the saloon, and the close of this audience was expected to be the signal for mounting horse and quitting Fontainebleau. But a conference had been commenced on the situation of affairs; it was prolonged until the afternoon, and when it ended, Napoleon's abdication became known.

"One thing forcibly struck Napoleon, namely, the want of spirit evinced by his old companions in arms. He yielded to what was represented to him as the wish of the army."

Sic transit gloria mundi!

and we shall finish our task by selecting a few of the slighter traits of character exhibited by Buonaparte during this momentous campaign:

"Napoleon halted at the village of Eclaron, while the sappers were restoring the bridge. The inhabitants collected round him; they had made some Cossack prisoners during the night, and they now delivered them over to our troops. They kindled fires for our soldiers, and presented to them all their stock of provisions. Napoleon, when he took leave of the good people of Eclaron, granted them funds for rebuilding their church, and gave the cross of the legion of honour to the surgeon of the village, who had served in the campaigns of Egypt. —

"One of the inhabitants of Chavange manifested so much zeal and intelligence, that Napoleon determined to make him a notary,

and for that purpose created a second narrative in the district. - - -

"Napoleon, who had been educated at Brienne, could not suppress the recollections which now crowded on his mind. He took a survey of the principal points in the scene of war, and found that they were all a prey to disasters. He sought by liberal donations to relieve at least the misery which immediately surrounded him. The mutilation of the castle and the burning of the town distressed him beyond expression. In the evening when he withdrew to his apartment, he formed the design of re-building the town, and purchasing the castle for the purpose of converting it either into an Imperial residence or a military school:—sleep at length surprised him amidst these illusive plans and calculations. - - -

"The Allies had behaved most shamefully at Chateau-Thierry; and, on their retreat the inhabitants vented the utmost indignation against them. Joy at their deliverance,—the almost magical appearance of Napoleon, who was supposed to be still in the neighbourhood of Troyes,—the engagement that had taken place in the streets of the town,—the confusion inseparable from such events; all these circumstances combined had excited the inhabitants of Chateau-Thierry almost to a pitch of delirium. The men uttered nothing but imprecations and threats, and the women laughed and wept by turns: some, it is said, were seen reeking their revenge by throwing into the river the wounded Prussians who were lying on the bridge. - - -

"Our troops took possession of the heights of Surville, which command the confluence of the Seine, and the Yonne batteries were mounted with the artillery of the guard, which dealt destruction on the Wurtemberg force in Montereau. Napoleon himself pointed the guns, and directed the firing. The enemy made vain endeavours to dismount our batteries; his balls hissed like the wind over the heights of Surville. The troops were fearful lest Napoleon, attracted by the habits of his early life, should expose himself to danger. On this occasion he made the following remark, which is engraven on the recollection of the gunners of the French army: 'Come on, my brave fellows, fear nothing: the ball that is to kill me is not yet cast.' - - -

"On the 1st of March, the French army arrived at an early hour at Ferté-Gaucher. Napoleon stopped a moment at the house of the mayor, a very old man, who had grown young again with zeal, and whom Napoleon made still younger by conferring on him the decoration of the legion of honour. - - -

"Napoleon passed the night at the village of Corbeny.

"The principal inhabitants of the neighbouring villages hastened to the Imperial head-quarters to communicate information respecting the localities. A similar concourse of Frenchmen, full of zeal, crowded about Napoleon in every quarter. He was himself accustomed to put questions to those who came forward. He recognized that night in the mayor of Baurieux, M. de Bussy, his old comrade in the regiment of La Fère. That officer had emigrated, and since his return, led a retired life on his paternal estate on the banks of the Aisne. Napoleon conferred the rank of colonel upon him, made him one of his aides-de-camp, and appointed him to serve as guide on the ground of Craonne. - - -

"The troops of the Duke of Ragusa, after rallying at the bridge of Béry-au-Bac, had

arrived to co-operate in the attack of Rheims. Their Commander was called upon to give an account of his conduct. On his appearance, Napoleon vented his anger in reproaches, which penetrated perhaps too deeply into the Marshal's heart. Reproaches were followed by explanations, the sentiments constantly entertained by Napoleon for his aide-de-camp predominated, and he seemed solely a master in the art of war, engaged in correcting the faults of one of his favourite pupils. Napoleon concluded by detaining him to dinner. - - -

"The Duke d'Angoulême was expected at Bourdeaux to make his entrance into that city.

"That defection did not astonish Napoleon; he seemed to expect more painful trials!"

"The worthy inhabitants of Epernay were not sparing of their wine in their hospitable reception of the army, and during a few hours the champagne made the soldiers forget their fatigues and the generals their uneasiness!"

With the note of this debauch to drown all care, we shall conclude these detached but characteristic passages in the life of Napoleon. No other remark occurs to us, except to say that there is a marked want of precision in speaking of the French forces, the number being hardly ever hinted at. We are told of "the army," "the corps," "the division," &c. but never of the amount and strength.

The translation, with a few verbal inaccuracies, is spiritedly executed; and that we consider the volume to be an interesting and important addition to our historical *matériel* may be gathered from our having reviewed it so copiously in four successive Numbers.

THE SPECTRE BARBER.

IN our last Number we gave as much as convenience allowed of the tale of the Spectre Barber from the collection of Popular Northern Romances, &c. just published in three volumes. We had conducted Frank, the hero, on his way back from the rascally debtors at Antwerp, to the village of Rummelsburgh. Here he took up his quarters at a

"Castle built on a steep rock, just outside the town, immediately opposite the inn, being separated from it only by the high road and a small brook. On account of its pleasant situation, it was still kept in good repair, was well furnished, and served its present possessor as a hunting seat. He often spent the day there in great splendour; but, whenever the stars appeared, he left it with all his followers, being terrified by the ghost, who roared and rattled through it all night, but was never seen or heard during the day. However unpleasant a guest this spectre might be to the lord of the castle, in other respects he was at least a perfect protection against thieves or robbers, of whom none would venture near his abode."

"It was quite dark when Frank, carrying a lantern, and accompanied by his host, with a basket, arrived at the gates of the castle. The latter had provided a good supper and a bottle of wine, which he said he would not put in the bill; he had with him likewise two candlesticks and a pair of wax candles, for in the whole castle there was neither candlestick nor candles to be found, because nobody ever stopped there after twilight. As they were walking on, Frank (who had observed the heavy basket and the candles, which he thought would be quite useless to him, and for which he should, nevertheless, be obliged to pay) said, 'The bit of candle

in the lantern is sufficient for me, till I go to bed, and I hope not to awake before broad day-light, for I am very sleepy, and wish to have a long rest.'

"'I will not conceal from you,' said the landlord, 'that report says, the castle is haunted by a spectre, who walks about at night. But you need not be afraid, we shall be quite near you: should any thing happen, you may easily call out to us, and you will find somebody immediately ready to assist you: with us, people are stirring all night, and there is always somebody at hand. I have lived here now these thirty years, and have never seen any thing. The noise which is sometimes heard at night is caused, in my opinion, by the cats and other animals which have taken possession of the garrets.'

"The landlord spoke the truth when he said he had never seen the spectre, for he took good care never to go near the castle at night, and during the day the ghost was invisible; even now the rogue did not venture to cross the threshold. He opened the door, gave our traveller the basket with the provisions, told him where to go, and wished him good night. Frank entered the hall, without fear or awe, treating the story of the ghost as an idle gossip, or the tradition of some real event, which fancy had converted to something unnatural."

His sleep is nevertheless invaded—

"Doors were opened and shut with a terrible noise; and at last an attempt was made on the door of Frank's retreat. Several keys were tried, and at length the right one found; still the bars held the door, when at length, a loud crash, like a clap of thunder, burst them asunder, and the door flew open. A tall thin man entered: he had a very black beard, was clothed in an old fashioned dress, and had a gloomy expression in his countenance; overhanging brows gave him the appearance of deep thought. A scarlet mantle was thrown over his left shoulder, and his hat was high and pointed. He walked silently through the room with the same slow and heavy step with which he had approached, looked at the consecrated candles, and even snuffed them. Then he threw off his mantle, opened a bag which he carried under his arm, took out instruments for shaving, and began to sharpen a shining razor on a broad leather strap, which he wore on his belt."

"Frank perspired under his downy covering with fear and dread; recommended himself to the protection of the Holy Virgin, and looked forward with great anxiety for the end of this manoeuvre; not knowing whether it was meant for his beard or for his throat. To his consolation, the spectre poured water from a silver flagon into a basin of the same material, and with his bony hand beat the soap up into foaming suds; placed a chair, and then, with great earnestness, beckoned the terrified Frank from his retreat. It was no more possible to resist this meaning sign, than it generally is to resist the mute who has orders from the grand Turk to bring him the head of some exiled vizier: It is the most sensible plan, in such a case, to make a virtue of necessity, and patiently allow oneself to be throttled. Frank obeyed the order, threw off the mattress, rose from his couch, and took the assigned place on the chair."

"The spectre barber put the napkin round the neck of his trembling customer, seized his scissors, and cut off Frank's hair and beard. Then he proceeded to cover his chin, and even his head, with soap lather; and when

this was done, he shaved him smoothly, so completely so, that not a hair was left above his shoulders. When the spectre had completed this operation, he washed Frank very clean, dried him carefully, bowed, picked up his implements, resumed his scarlet cloak, and turned to depart. The consecrated candles burned perfectly bright during the whole of the proceeding, and by the light, Frank saw in the mirror opposite him, that the barber had made him like a Chinese pagod. He was vexed at losing his beautiful brown curls, but he breathed freely, being aware that he should escape otherwise unhurt, and that the spectre had no longer any power over him.

"The man in the red cloak walked in silence as he had come towards the door, without saying a single word, and seemed quite the reverse of his gossiping brethren; scarcely had he retired three steps, however, when he stood still, looked round with a mournful mien at his well-served customer, and touched his own black beard with his hand. He repeated this ceremony three times, and the third time when he had his hand on the door. Frank began to think that the ghost wished him to do something for him, and perhaps expected from him the same service which he had rendered him.

"The barber spectre, in spite of his mournful looks, seemed more disposed to jest than earnest, and as he had played Frank a trick rather than tormented him, the latter had lost all his fear. He therefore beckoned the spectre to take the place in the chair, which he had just left. The ghost obeyed with great alacrity; threw down his cloak, laid the bag on the table, and sat down in the position of a person who is to be shaved. Frank was careful to imitate the manner in which the ghost had proceeded, cut off the beard and hair with the scissors, and soaped his whole head, while his strange companion sat as still as a statue. The awkward youth had never before had a razor in his hand, knew not how to handle it, and shaved the patient ghost so much against the grain, that the sufferer displayed the oddest grimaces. The ignorant bungler began to be afraid; he remembered the wise precept, 'Do not meddle with another man's business,' but still he proceeded, he did as well as he could, and shaved the spectre as clean and as bald as he was himself.

"Suddenly the ghost found its tongue; 'Kindly I thank thee for the great services thou hast rendered me; by thy means I have been released from long captivity, which, for three hundred years, bound me within these walls; where my departed spirit was condemned to dwell, till a mortal man should retaliate on me, and treat me as I did others when I was alive.'

"Know that, in times of yore, there dwelt a shameless infidel within this castle, who mocked both at priests and laymen. Count Hartman was nobody's friend; he acknowledged neither divine nor human laws, and violated the sacred rules of hospitality. The stranger who sought refuge under his roof, the beggar who asked alms of him, was always seized and tormented. I was his barber, flattered his passions, and lived as I chose. Many a pious pilgrim, passing the gates, was invited into the castle; a bath was prepared for him, and, when he meant to enjoy himself, I took hold of him, according to orders, shaved him quite bald, and then turned him out of the castle, with scorn and mockery. In such cases, Count Hart-

man used to look out at the window, and to enjoy the sport, particularly if a number of malicious boys collected round the insulted pilgrim, and laughed and mocked at him, calling out after him, 'Bald head, bald head!' as the virulent boys of old called after the prophet.

"Once a holy pilgrim came from abroad; like a penitent he carried a heavy cross on his shoulders, and had the mark of two nails through his hands, two in his feet, and one in his side; his hair was platted like a crown of thorns. He entered, and asked for water to wash his feet, and a crust of bread. According to my custom I took him into the bath, and, without respecting his sanctified appearance, I shaved him also quite clean. But the pious pilgrim pronounced a heavy curse on me: 'After death, reprobate! heaven and hell, and the iron gates of purgatory, shall be equally inaccessible to thy soul. It shall dwell, as a spectre, within these walls, till a wanderer, unskipped, shall retaliate on thee thy own evil deeds!'

"I grew sick at hearing the curse; the marrow of my bones dried up, and I decayed away gradually, till I became like a shadow; my soul at length separated from its mortal dwelling, but remained within this place, as the holy man had ordered. In vain I expected deliverance from the dreadful chains that bound me to the earth. The repose which the soul languishes for, when it is separated from the body, was denied to me, and made every year which I was obliged to pass here an age of woe. I was obliged also, as a further punishment, to continue the business which I had carried on during my lifetime. But, alas! my appearance soon made this house be deserted: it was very rarely that a pilgrim came to pass the night here, and, though I shaved every one who came, as I did you, no one would understand me, and perform for me that service which was to deliver my soul from captivity. Henceforth I shall not haunt this castle. I now go to my long desired repose. Once more I give thee my thanks, young stranger. If I had any hidden treasure at my command, they should all be thine, but I never possessed wealth. In this castle there is no treasure hidden; but listen to my advice: Tarry here till your chin and head are again covered with hair, then return to your native city, and wait on the bridge over the Weser, at the time of the autumnal equinox; for a friend, who will there meet and tell you what you must do to thrive on earth. When you enjoy affluence, remember me, and order three masses to be said for the repose of my soul on every anniversary of this day. Farewell; I now depart hence, never to return.

"With these words the spectre vanished, having sufficiently justified, by his talkativeness, his assumption of the character of barber of the castle of Rummelsburg, and left his deliverer full of astonishment at this strange adventure. For a long while he stood motionless, doubting whether the event had really happened, or whether he had been dreaming, but his bald head soon convinced him of the reality of the fact. After wasting some time in reflection, he returned to bed and slept till mid-day.

"The waggish landlord had watched from the earliest dawn for the appearance of his guest; he was ready, anticipating the bald head, to receive him with apparent astonishment, but secret laughter; at his nightly ad-

venture. But, when mid-day came, and Frank did not appear, he began to be uneasy and afraid that the ghost might have treated his new guest somewhat roughly, might perhaps have throttled him, or frightened him to death, and it by no means had been his intention to carry his revenge thus far. He went, therefore, accompanied by his servants, in the greatest anxiety to the castle, and hastening to the door of the room in which he had seen light on the preceding evening, he found a strange key in the door, but it was bolted inside, a precaution Frank had taken after the disappearance of the ghost. He knocked with great violence, and Frank was at last roused by the noise. At first, he thought the ghost intended to pay him a second visit. But, when he heard the voice of the landlord, begging him to give some sign of life, he rose and opened the door.

"By G— and all the saints! said the landlord, lifting up his hands with apparent horror, 'old Red Cloak has been here, and the tradition is no invention! How did he look? What did he do, or say?'

"Frank, who understood the cunning of the host, answered, 'The ghost looked like a man in a red cloak; what he did, I cannot conceal from you, and I shall always remember his words:'

"'Stranger,' said he, 'never trust the landlord—the man opposite knew very well what awaited you here. But for this, I will punish him. I shall now leave this castle; and henceforth, I will plague, torment, pinch, and harass him to the end of his life, at least, if he does not receive you in his house, and supply all your wants, till your head be again covered with hair.'

"The landlord trembled from head to foot at hearing this threat, crossed himself, and vowed by the Holy Virgin, to keep Frank in his house as long as he chose to stop, immediately conducted him home, and waited on him himself.

"Frank acquired a reputation as an exorcist, by the spectre being no longer seen in the castle. He repeatedly slept there, and a young man of the town, who had the courage to keep him company, did not get his head shorn. When the owner of the castle learnt that the terrible spectre no longer haunted his property, he was highly pleased, and sent orders to take great care of the stranger who had freed his castle from such an unpleasant guest."

The result may be foreseen, yet it is cleverly related. The waiting on the bridge, the mode of getting the information, the recovery of buried treasures belonging to his father, and his happy union with Mela, are all painted in a way as amusing as the quotations we have made—

"The bride-groom went to procure the banns to be published, for in those days the wealthy and high-born were not ashamed to tell the whole world they meant to contract the solemn engagement of marriage; and, before the expiration of a month, he led his long-loved Mela to the altar, with so much pomp and solemnity, as very far to outshine even the splendid wedding of the rich brewer.

"Mother Brigitta had the satisfaction to see her daughter united to a wealthy and deserving young man; and he enjoy, in the evening of her life, that opulence she had so long wished for; and Mother Brigitta deserved her good fortune, for she turned out

the least troublesome mother-in-law that ever existed."

With this conclusion we consign these volumes to the popularity which they merit, and which we are pretty certain awaits them.

LITERATURE.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

*An Account of the King; or the Canonical and Moral Books of the Chinese.**

ACCORDING to the Chinese literati, we must go back to the very commencement of the Chinese monarchy, near three thousand years before Christ, before we come to the infancy of their learning; but no historical facts with respect to it appear until the twelfth century before the Christian era. It is probable that it was during the patriarchal dynasty of the Tcheou, that the first Chinese books were written. Still, however, that period is doubtful; and to obtain any thing like certainty in our notions of their classical works, we must come down to the fifth century before our era, to Confucius and his disciples, who arranged and commented upon some of those works, and who are the reputed authors of others.

Confucius, whom the Chinese call *Koung-tsee*, or *Koung-fu-tsee*, was one of the greatest moralists, one of the first statesmen, and, which is still better, one of the most eminently virtuous men that were ever born in any age, in any country. When we read his life and his writings, we cannot believe it possible for human wisdom to manifest itself more strikingly, either in doctrine or in conduct; or to establish a more complete harmony between the two. But the actions of that admirable philosopher, the influence of his character on the laws and the destinies of a great empire, the honours which his family enjoy even to the present day, and the worship of which he is the object, are all too well known to render it necessary for me to repeat them. The observations which I have here collected are scattered over more than twenty quarto volumes, of which the "Memoirs of the Jesuits in China," and the "Description of China, by P. Duhalde," are composed. It struck me, that as it is difficult to trace them in that large mass, it might be desirable to unite and class them with a degree of method to which those learned missionaries too rarely subjected themselves.

FIRST PART.

The great King.—The great King consists, properly speaking, of the canonical books of the Chinese, which are five in number: the *Yking*, the *Chouking*, the *Chiking*, the *Liki*, and the *Yoking*.† I will review them in succession.

* This paper will extend through several of our Numbers, but it is readily divisible (without which quality we rarely carry on a series of articles, being aware that readers often feel disappointment in "continuations," and seems to us to contain so curious and interesting a view of China and the Chinese, that we cannot help hoping it will be very generally acceptable. It is from the pen of the learned M. Aignan of the French Institute, and has appeared in the *Revue Encyclopédique*.—Ed.

† The author of this article seems to have omitted the *Tcheu-fukou*, the *Spring and Autumn*, an historical work by Confucius. However, as the *Yoking* is not, the canonical books are still only five in number.

The *Yking*, or Book of Revolutions, the first in the order of antiquity, and probably the oldest literary monument in existence, is said to have been originally the work of Fou-hi, the founder of the Chinese empire, and the Hermes of the East. It is composed of straight lines, variously placed, which Fou-hi supposed he saw on the back of a horse-dragon, and a wonderful tortoise. The most learned Mandarins find great difficulty in understanding it. Confucius himself, who had resolved to explain it, but who was stopped in his undertaking by death, was dissatisfied with all the interpretations of the ancient commentators.† Every Chinese dynasty has had its *Yking*. That with which Confucius was occupied, is the only one which has been preserved. Several missionaries have imagined they discovered in it the history of the creation and fall of the first man, and the prophecy of the coming of Jesus Christ.‡ The truth is, that the characters of this book are wholly unintelligible; and that that which is taught with respect to it in the schools may be considered as purely conjectural.

It is not so with the *Chouking*, a valuable memorial of history, of politics, and of ethics, of which there are learned interpretations, both in French and in Latin. Its authenticity has been vehemently attacked; and the controversies which it has occasioned have been innumerable. To give some idea of them, it will be sufficient to state, on the authority of a Chinese author,§ that the literati of the dynasty of Han alone wrote more than 30,000 characters to explain the first two words of the Book. But it has triumphed over all its adversaries, and especially over its fanatical admirers, and at present its sense is not less fixed than its existence is certain.

It was divided by Confucius, according to the original work attributed to the old historiographers, into six parts, or a hundred chapters, containing the most ancient annals of China, and, above all, the wise maxims put in practice by the ancient emperors, philosophers, and great men; so that it is a book of government rather than of history. It comprehends a code of instructions for princes and persons in authority, and a collection of discussions on the highest matters of state, and of warnings and remonstrances addressed to sovereigns. It is there said that they require to have nine virtues; and, in the original, eighteen letters or characters suffice to describe them. Those virtues are: a dignity, which is neither insolent nor insensible; a noble tranquillity, which does not preclude action; a charming goodnature, which does not become either negligent or vulgar; a refined intelligence, which never disdains application and labour; an urbanity and a politeness, supported by resolution and courage; a plain-dealing, which knows, when necessary, how to avail itself of mystery; extensive genius, which never neglects trifles; a firmness, which has nothing in it obdurate or ferocious; finally, a magnanimity and a power which yield only to justice.¶

The kings in whom this union of rare qua-

† Sir William Jones. "Observations on the second Classical Book of the Chinese."

‡ "Observations on the History, the Sciences, the Arts, the Manners, the Customs, &c. of the Chinese, by the Missionaries of Pekin, vol. 9."

§ *Tchin-tsee*, quoted by Cibot, in his "Remarks on the Antiquity of the Chinese."

¶ Du Halde, "Description of China, vol. 2."

lities was required, were the paramount monarchs of the whole empire (at that time feudal) of China. For the tributary princes who, under them, ruled particular kingdoms, six of those qualities were deemed sufficient; and only three formed the necessary attributes of the great men of the court. It would seem that Pope had this hierarchical progression of the virtues in view when he said in one of his moral essays,

"Tis from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape, is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king, [thing]."
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry

We will quote some fragments of the *Chouking*, to show its wisdom and sublimity.

"Oh! how many cares does good government require! Heaven sees and hears every thing; but it is by the voice of the people that it judges of kings. Heaven is formidable, but it is an ill-used people which rouses its wrath. It chastises the high and the low, without distinction; but kings have a thousand times more to apprehend than other men."

"Heir of *Tching-tang*, confide not too much in the immediate protection of heaven. The continuance of its favour depends greatly on yourself; and you must not therefore reckon upon it as ever durable. If you constantly practise virtue, you will preserve your crown; but if you abandon wisdom, he assured that you will lose every thing which heaven has bestowed upon you. Of this you have a striking example in the king Kie. He relinquished the paths of virtue; he became impious and cruel; the supreme Tien rejected him; and, casting his eyes around the earth, sought for one worthy to reign in the place of that unhappy prince. As soon as he had found him, Tien resolved himself to enlighten and to guide him. Heir of *Tching-tang*, the empire which you possess is new, let your virtues also have the freshness of novelty. Vigilantly and unceasingly examine your own conduct, that there may be no difference between the last day of your reign and the first. Confer offices only on men of wisdom and ability. Above all, select for your first minister a man universally accomplished, who may render you lastingly virtuous, and communicate your virtues to all your subjects."

This is very good advice, certainly; but as ministers universally accomplished, and even kings with the nine qualities described, are not easy to find; the *Chouking* would have done still better if, instead of its rigid precepts, it had traced the elements of a good constitution, obligatory on kings and ministers as well as on citizens. Vainly is the Emperor Kao-tsong made in it to say to his minister, "Fail not to advise me every day, and very frequently to reprove me, in order that I may acquire true wisdom. Fancy that I am a piece of rude iron, and that it is you who must fashion and polish me. Fancy that I have to cross a broad and dangerous torrent, and that it is you who are to serve me for back and oar. Fancy that I am a dry and barren soil, and that it is you who, like a soft rain, must refresh and render me fertile." We may be permitted to distrust the austerity of ministers when opposed to the passions of kings. The law is the best hammer for fashioning rude iron, the best oar to assist in passing dangerous torrents, the best shower to refresh an arid soil.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL DES SAVANS.

June.—I. Chefs-d'œuvre des Théâtres étrangers; reviewed by M. Raynouard.—II. M. Lefronne, Recherches pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Égypte, &c.; M. Silvestre de Sacy.—III. Messrs. Levée et Lemonnier, Théâtre complet des Latins; M. Dannon.—IV. M. Amédée Jaubert, Éléments de la Grammaire Turke; M. Abel-Remusat.

July.—I. Monete Cusche dell'I. R. Museo di Milano; reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy.—II. M. Lechenault, Voyage aux Indes; M. Tessier.—III. M. Julien, L'Enlèvement d'Hélène par Coluthus; M. Lefronne.—IV. Simonide de Siamondi, Histoire des Français; M. Daunou.—V. Chefs-d'œuvre des Théâtres étrangers; M. Reynouard.—VI. Boissonade, Aristoneti Epistolæ; M. Lefronne.—VII. M. Thomas, Pell. Part. Catalogue of the Ethiopic Biblical MSS. in the Royal Library of Paris; M. Silvestre de Sacy.

The Number of the Journal des Savans for June contains the following article under the head of "New Books."

*Catalogue des livres imprimés sur vélin de la Bibliothèque du Roi: A Paris, imprimerie de Crapet, libraire des frères Debure, 1822: five vols. 8vo. which correspond with the five general divisions of libraries, viz. Theology, Jurisprudence, Sciences and Arts, Belles Lettres, and History.—Vol. I. pp. iv and 348. The preliminary remarks contain some general information concerning books printed on vellum. These books are not so numerous as we might believe, if we consider as authentic an edict of Henry II., ordering all printers to print upon vellum one volume of every work for the library of the Louvre. This edict, which is mentioned in the book called *Dicæarchie Henrici progymnasmatia*, never existed. The King's library, which is the richest in books printed on vellum, possesses only 1407 articles of this kind. Of the other public libraries at Paris, the one which has the most is that of St. Geneviève, where there are 164. But M. Renouard, the bookseller, has collected a greater number; and there were 661 in the MacCarthy library. In the description of those of the King's library the letters vv are used, to distinguish those on calf vellum (*velina de capra*), which are white on both sides; *vam* those on lamb still-born (*agnæus mortuus*), which are extremely thin, of a brilliant whiteness, and fit for small editions; *vav* those on lamb that has lived (*agnæus vivans*), which are not so white; and *vix* those on sheep (*ovium*), which are yellow on the wool-side. The height of each copy is also marked; and the same notices are given with respect to books printed on vellum which are preserved in other libraries than that of the King, and which there has been occasion to mention. Among the 475 articles comprised under the head of Theology, we shall notice the description of the polyglot of Antwerp, and that of the *Rationale Durandi* of 1450,—a celebrated typographical production, of which there is also a splendid copy at St. Geneviève (vv, 413 milli-m.).—Vol. II. pp. vi and 120. One hundred and seventy-eight articles of Jurisprudence, among which are *Constitutiones Clementis V.* 1400. The library of St. Geneviève also possesses a fine copy on vellum of the *Clementines*, but only of the edition of 1467, vv, 424 milli-mètres.—Vol. III. pp. vi and 84, contains one hundred and twenty articles of Sciences and Arts. We do not find among them the *Vitruvius* of 1513, in 8vo. printed at Florence by Philip Junta; a copy of which, on vellum, is at St. Geneviève.—Vol. IV. pp. xiii and 332. Four hundred and ninety-four articles, under the head of *Belles Lettres*. The *Priscian* of 1470, first edition,*

is upon vellum, both in the King's library and St. Geneviève, as well as the *Rhetorica Ciceronis ad Herennium*, Venice, Jenson, 1470. The King's library has, on vellum, only one volume of the *Orations* of Cicero, 1519, in 8vo. the three volumes are at St. Geneviève; where there is likewise upon vellum, as at the King's library, the *Homer* of Aldus, 1504, two vols. 8vo.; the *Anthology* of 1494, 4to.; and the *Towrdanckha* * of 1517.—Vol. V. pp. vii and 380. One hundred and ninety-five articles of *History*, which finish at page 165, are followed by a Supplement, seven tables, additions and corrections. The author of this ample and instructive description has not given his name; but the excellent method of the work, the accuracy of the details, and the extensive bibliographical knowledge, make it easy to recognise M. V. P.

* This word is so written in our original, though we think it should be Theurdanck.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE Report of the Committee in whom the management of this Institution is vested, after describing its origin from the suggestion of Lord Burghersh, its patronage by THE KING, and the various steps taken to bring it to maturity, furnishes the following new and interesting information:

"The present funds of the Institution are sufficient to enable the Committee to proceed, on the present limited scale, until a more beneficial conviction of its importance shall be produced on the public mind by a display of the talent which the Royal Academy of Music now cultivates and will soon produce.

—"The house (taken for the Academy, it is stated,) unites, with the convenience of situation for those who almost daily superintend, and for the Professors, whose time is of so much value, a reasonableness of price which scarcely could have been expected in the outskirts of the metropolis. It possesses, too, the indispensable property of being capable of separation, by which all communication between the parts of the building allotted to the male and female branches of the institution is completely cut off."

Aware of the importance of inculcating sound moral principles in students of the musical profession, after "much inquiry as to his character and abilities, the Rev. Mr. Miles, a Clergyman of the established Church, and of high reputation, has been selected and appointed superintendent of the male department. The choice of the superintendent of the female department was much more difficult. In addition to the necessity of an unblemished reputation, and of ability for the charge, it was important to find a gentlewoman whose mind and manners might be an example to the pupils placed under her care; and this important charge has been confided to Mrs. Wade, the widow of the late Colonel Wade, a selection which appears to be most judicious.

"As soon as a place of reception was provided, instructors engaged, and sufficient funds collected to warrant a belief of stability, the Committee directed their attention to the reception of the pupils. The number of candidates for admission amounted to sixty; but with the most anxious wish to extend the benefits of the institution, the Committee were obliged to limit the number of students to twenty. One boy more was added, who had the honour of being recommended by His Majesty. . . .

"Since this election, which took place on the 9th of March, the Committee, by some trifling alterations, and by repairing the attics, have been enabled to accommodate eight more boys, and the same number of girls.

"It was a subject of much reflection, of what class of students this addition should consist. The Committee felt a most anxious wish that they should have been elected by ballot, but the imperious necessity of increasing the funds claimed their attention, and forced them to admit only extra students or boarders, who pay a much larger sum for their education. . . . In the case of extra students a subscriber recommends, an examination takes place as to aptness and musical disposition, and the Committee decide. . . . On this occasion the candidates were numerous, and the solicitations in favour of some most urgent; but (it is affirmed) the Committee listened to no voice but that which superior merit at the examination forced to be heard. . . .

"In order to give the pupils the benefit of a moral and religious education, they are taught the principles of English grammar, to enable them to speak and write their own language correctly; and as the Italian language is so intimately connected with music, an acquaintance with it is considered as likely to be very beneficial to them; they also receive some instruction in arithmetic, and to these points is confined all the tuition given, except in such studies as are immediately connected with the profession of music, which of course occupy much the largest portion of the time of the pupils.

"To ensure regularity, every pupil is furnished with a paper, on which is marked the study in which the passing hour is to be employed. . . .

"The Professors and Teachers employed in the Academy, are as follows:—

"For the Boys.—Harmony and Composition, Dr. Crotch and Mr. Lord; Piano-forte, Messrs. Potter and Haydon; Singing, Signor Crivelli; Violin, Messrs. F. Cramer and Spagnoletti; Violoncello, Mr. Lindley; Harp, Mr. Bochsa; Hautboy, Mr. Cooke, sen.; Italian Language, Signora Caravita and Cicchetti; Writing Music, Mr. Goodwin.

"For the Girls.—Harmony and Composition, Dr. Crotch and Mr. Lord; Piano-forte, Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Beale, Madame Biagioli and Miss Adams; Singing, Madame Regnandin; Harp, Mr. Bochsa; Italian Language, Signora Caravita and Cicchetti; Dancing, Monsieur Finart; Writing Music, Mr. Goodwin.

"In this List of the Professors, at the head of every branch there stands a name of great eminence. To these the sole direction of that branch is entrusted, and they alone have the recommendation of the Assistant Professors."

The Report thus concludes:—"The Committee have a feeling of satisfaction in the reflection that they have spared no pains in executing the duties they have undertaken, in which they will persevere, in spite of the clamour which disappointed expectants of employment, and the unreasonable and consequently rejected applications of parents, may occasion. They lament that they cannot comply with the numerous applications for admission into all the Classes provided by the Rules and Regulations. They are aware that by an increased number of pupils, the undoubted benefits to be derived from the Academy would be much more expeditiously

felt, but the means are wanting; and they conceive that it would be a most dangerous experiment, by precipitation, to risk the existence of the Academy. As the funds increase, the Establishment will be extended."

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE present Exhibition of the British Gallery closes, as announced by advertisement, on Saturday next, when the lovers of the Fine Arts will cease to have an opportunity of witnessing one of the most varied and admirable collections of pictures (combining three distinct schools, the Italian, Flemish, and British,) which taste and liberality could get together for the public gratification. It affords us pleasure to be able to state that it has been proportionally popular; the receipts for admissions amounting to several hundred pounds above those of last year.

Funds thus supplied are distributed in a way which does honour to the Institution. The readers of the *Literary Gazette* know how highly we appreciated Mr. Baily's exquisite statue of Eve at the Fountain: confirming our judgment, the Directors have presented that Artist with one hundred and fifty pounds, as a tribute to his genius in the conception and execution of this lovely figure. A like sum has been given to Mr. H. P. Briggs, for his efforts generally; and it is agreeable to us to call to memory, that of these efforts, both last year and in the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy, we felt it to be our duty to speak very favourably. We are therefore well satisfied with what has been done; and only regret that two at least of the works, belonging to the highest class of Art, which we saw at the British Gallery itself in the Spring, have not been distinguished by some mark of attention:—we allude to Messrs. Davis and Brockedon's productions, which displayed great talents, and possessed merits of the kind which the Institution professes to cultivate and reward. Nor can we help thinking that the funds would be more advantageously directed in this line than by the purchase of such pictures as the Parmegiano, at the immense price which that Vision cost (3056*l.*) For though it is, no doubt, a grand performance, we must say that it does not strike us as being peculiarly fit for its present station. As a model for study, the *Saint Jerome* does not appear to us to be of a valuable order. There is nothing of nature in it; and we can never wish the English student to despise nature. In drawing, it is also extremely incorrect in almost every part; and if examined in detail, really offends by its contortions, disproportions, and defects, of which abundant proofs might be adduced in the twists of the saints and the boy, the legs and hands and eyes of St. John, the neck of St. Jerome, and the size of the Christ, &c. Neither do we greatly admire the composition as an example for imitation—if in that quality we are to look for a disposition of the figures and parts, so as best to explain the subject, and such an arrange-

* As another proof of the good effects produced by such an institution as the British, we may mention a fact which has come to our knowledge, and shows how it leads to the encouragement of young artists.—The pictures painted by Mr. Leamy in the last Exhibition (Lady listening, from Mass, and Preparing for a Concert, Metz), were so successful, that His Majesty was pleased to see them, and they are now in the possession of Sir A. Murray, while the Artist is employed upon an original picture for the King.

ment of the lines as pleases the eye by their flow and connexion. Here there is little or no subject to explain, and the figures seem as if they had forsown intimacy. For colour it is equally ineligible as a study; the flesh being more like leather, and the draperies either very flimsy or very hard.

Entertaining, as we do, this opinion, gathered from repeated views and examination of the picture as it hangs in the gallery, we could not wish a young artist to endeavour to paint like it; for, with all its beauties, there is more to mislead than to improve in its general effects. Nor does it attain the end of art better than it employs the means. Our feelings are not interested nor our sympathies excited in a monkish legend; there is no poetry in the invention; and we cannot discover that beauty or grandeur which alone can render mythology or the supernatural worthy of being admired.

We have thus freely expressed our opinions respecting this picture, not only because we cannot approve of its destination, but because we suspect it of swallowing up a larger sum than its value, and one which might have been far better applied.*

* The following story is told of it; and, if correct, will strongly corroborate our suspicions:—The picture was bought by Hart Davis, Esq. for 1200*l.* and placed by him in the hands of Harris in Bond Street, who gave him a bond for 9000 guineas for it. Harris then called it his, and asked 10,000 guineas for it; but when he failed, it was redeemed by the bond being returned in lieu, by H. Davis, who held it at the thus acquired nominal value of 10,000 guineas.

The School of Painting will commence on the 25th of August.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONGS.

Oh never throw thy love away
Upon a heart like mine,
The rose's leaf, the blue sea-spray,
Would be a safer shrine.
The rose's leaf will fade when blown,
The spray pass from the sea;
But neither are so quickly gone
As love that trusts to me.
For e'en if love could touch my heart,
Now free as yonder wave,
It would be a meteor fire depart,
Its very birth its grave.
Chain winds that pass from flower to flower,
And bid them cease to rove,
And then I will believe your power
Even to fix my love.

Yes, it was here, 'neath midnight skies,
When the young Moon unclosed her eyes,
Like Beauty, awakened from her dreams,
When the fountain, bright with starlight beams,
Or shaded by the clustering rose,
Seemed emblem of fond love's repose;
When hearts all tenderness and truth
Sleep in the confidence of youth;
When leaf and bud with dew were wet,
'Twas there, my once dear love, we met.—
This is the spot: how changed it is
Since our last meeting-time of bliss;
The moon is darkened in the sky,
As if grief's shade were passing by;
The stars like life's young hopes are dim,
And weeds grow round that fountain's brim;
A dank and gloomy diadem
Of mist is on each rose's stem;
But changed as each thing here may be,
False one, they are less changed than thee!

I envy thee, thou careless wind!
How light, how wild thy wandering:
Thou hast no earthly chain, to bind
One fetter on thy airy wing.

The flower's first sigh of blossoming,
The soft harp's note, the woodlark's song,
All unto thee their treasures bring,
All to thy fairy reign belong.

Thy wing o'er the green ocean roves,
An echo to the sea-maid's lay,
Then over rose and orange groves
Bearing their sweetest breath away;

Then through the paths of the blue day,
Earth and earth's griefs left far behind,
To seek mid clouds a sphere more gay,
I envy thee, thou careless wind!—L. E. L.

GO DIG YE A TOMB!

Go dig ye a tomb! For the joys of the earth are
More frail than the vanity fore-doomed of yore;
Youth has nought but wild passion, and middle-age
Care,

And the ripeness of years is a fate to deplore:—
Hot, hot and vanishing all our first pleasures,
Which yield to the struggle of life and its gloom,
And then, to complete what the earth counts its
treasures, [tomb!]

Come the pains of decline—oh! Go dig ye a
Go dig ye a tomb! Though the magic of loving
Gives to earth its sole gleam of a transient bliss,
Though a moment may pass, perfect happiness
proving— [tomb!]

'Tis the moment the kiss lasts—it dies with the
What though all heaven swells in the bosom you
cherish; [perfume;]

Though no Persian rose like that sigh's fond
That bosom so beautiful is formed but to perish,
And that sigh to a groan changes—Dig ye a
tomb!

Go dig ye a tomb! But be honoured in story,
Let the trumpet and laurel illustrate your fame;
On the blood streams of battle establish your glory,
And bid dying gasps your high triumphs pro-
claim, [tomb!]

With the burras of victory mingling proudly—
Oh how the soul beats in its poor mortal room!
But the hour is at hand: let it rise e'er so loudly,
The applause is unheard; and ye sleep in the
tomb!

Go dig ye a tomb! Yet for wealth are ye pining?
Have ye bound the dull power in your chains as
a slave;

Till luxury pants to invent what is wanting—
Death strikes—can ye carry your gold to the
grave? [dreaming]

No! youth, age, love, glory and wealth, are the
Of idiot dreams that our short span consume;
Existence is only a flash hardly gleaming

On thy dark edge, eternity! Dig ye a tomb!
TRUTH.

TO GLORY.

(Supposed to be spoken by the poet Savage.)

Dream of my boyhood, vision of my youth,
Wilt thou still haunt me, yet be never true?
Like him, who, bound in sleep, saw heav'n unfold,
And radiant creatures on its steps of gold,
I gaze, and yearn to join the glittering throng
Who scale thy temple by the paths of song;
But, impotently struggling, cannot rise,—
Chain'd to the earth, while longing for the skies.
O Spirit! let me not in vain adore,
Give me the power, or take the wish to soar:
I would forget the unreturning ray
That flash'd one moment o'er my youthful way,

So swiftly fled, I scarce should know it shone,
Had not its memory lur'd so vainly on,
To toil for wreaths that never can be mine,—
Still to desire, but never reach thy shrine.
I heard, and deem'd the flattering legend true,
Thou wast the prize of him who dar'd pursue,—
That he who felt thy influence in his breast,
Should wear in time thy favours on his crest.
Arous'd too late, I see thee as the star,
That, bright above us in its golden car,
Shines, but emits nor light nor kindly glow
To guide or cheer the wandering wretch below.
Temple, June 1823. ZARACH.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BARLEY-CORN CLUB.—NO. II.

Conformably to my promise, Mr. Ephraim, I have commenced a regular examination of the Stukely papers, for the specific purpose mentioned in my last; and have occupied my first morning's visit in a general survey of them, preparatory to a detailed research. This inspection fully confirmed the hopes I had previously formed; and on my departure I felt that sort of confused delight which one experiences on quitting a well-stored gallery of pictures. Some effort of the memory was required to call up in succession the objects which had most engaged my attention; and on joining our Club in the evening, I felt more disposed to meditate than to converse on the different topics concerning which I was prepared either to solicit or to convey information. Happily an incident occurred, which by furnishing a subject for your amusement from another quarter, will afford time for reducing to more exact order the materials that were destined for this Paper.

Our meeting on the present occasion was at the house of the Commodore, (so we call Goodman Flinders;) and as the weather was sultry, we adjourned to a sort of tent connected with a leafy recess in the orchard, and fitted up in a style that might remind you of Robinson Crusoe's first attempt at architecture on the desert island. Just as we had taken our seats round a table properly freighted, our circle was enlivened by the presence of the younger Page, who had alighted from the coach, on his weekly visit home. After answering the usual inquiries for news, he seemed to have something rather particular to communicate; and at length availing himself of a pause or lull in the current of our talk, he produced the document of which I here transmit you a copy. The account he gave of the manner in which it came into his possession is as follows: Being engaged to a small dinner-party at Bleadon's, he repaired thither rather early, so that the only guest already arrived was the person to whom the letter in question is addressed, and who invited his attention to it merely, as he said, to beguile the tedious interval of suspense. Charles, who seems to have known him; as well as his correspondent, for some time, declares that he read it with much apparent complacency, pointing to occasional passages with a degree of candour equal to that affected by Lord Chesterfield, when he exhibited to his friends Dr. Johnson's acutely-cutting reasons for declining the honour of his Lordship's professed patronage as *Dedicatæ* of the Dictionary. When he had finished the perusal of the paper, he gaily presented it to our young friend, telling him that he might, if he chose, take it home for the amusement of our Club. Charles took him at his word and accepted the present; though in parting with it the donor betrayed a transient expression of pain through his placid smile, as if he had been slightly wrung in the withers. With respect to the letter itself we do not presume to offer any thing in the way of comment, except our unanimous opinion that the learned Doctor would be induced to renounce his decided predilection for mixed liquor after one month's noviciate in the Barley-corn Club.

FREE THOUGHTS ON WINE.

In a private Letter to Walter Blacktrap, Esq. Wine-merchant, Chemist, and Druggist, in Portugal-street; from Christopher Todd, M.D., formerly Physician in the Sugar Islands.

..... "Whose mortal taste Brought death into the world and all our woe."

Dear Watty,—Although we have had frequent dealings together, I must now deal ingenuously, and inform you that you will receive no further orders from me; at the same time let me add, that if you discontinue the practice of drinking the wine you sell as genuine, it is my firm belief that you will have no further occasion for my medical prescriptions.

Heaven forbid that I should pretend to detect the secret processes by which you compose your old port and East India madeira!—they are doubtless ineffable mysteries, and the diffusion of knowledge on this subject would be the total ruin of your extensive trade. It was partly in conformity to custom, and partly with a view to reconcile myself to the change of climate, that on revisiting my native country I addicted myself to port; I have made the experiment, and am convinced, if not satisfied: I renounce it absolutely and without reserve. But I shall forbear to trouble others with a gratuitous exhortation deduced from my own experience. So long as my own constitution is not further invaded by your grapeless juice, you may continue to brew, mix, and adulterate with impunity, and drive your tandem over the graves of your customers. It is but just that I should assign sufficient reasons for withdrawing my favours, and here I give you them in brief: Every time I drink the quantity of a pint of your wine, (and I believe that had I often exceeded such limitation death would have prevented the present friendly epistle,) I perceive a burning sensation in the region of the stomach, accompanied with considerable thirst. These symptoms are quickly followed by acid eructations, which, on subsiding, transfer acute torments to the intestines. In the morning my tongue is furred, my head feels confused and giddy, and I am seized with tremors that seem to indicate the approach of a paralytic affection. On discontinuing your '*neat as imported*' for a few days, these affections of head and stomach vanish, and I feel restored to the ordinary state of good health; but whenever I am tempted to renew my acquaintance with your high-flavoured compositions the same morbid attacks constantly recur.

By inspecting that nice barometer of commercial disaster, the London Gazette, you will perceive, my dear Watty, that there has been of late a very alarming epidemic, a species of rot, or murrain, among the wholesale and retail dealers in wine; and it must be extremely satisfactory to a man of your inquisitive mind to be acquainted with the causes that have occasioned this interruption to the circulation of the bottle. The first and principal source of the calamity is the cupidity of the venders, which term includes the manufacturers abroad and at home, the wholesale merchant and the humble retailer. In the kingdom of Portugal, as well as in Portugal-street, various sophistications have been and continue to be practised; and these having exceeded the bounds of moderation, the article itself has fallen into disrepute; by ceasing to possess the cordial and exhilarating properties that distinguished the pure juice of the olden time. As the shadow of old Hamlet pathetically sighs out,

'Oh! what a falling off was there!'

modern wine is the mere ghost of its ancestor. The realm of Bacchus has experienced a degradation which has lowered it to the state of modern Italy compared with ancient Rome. We now drink a cheerless and diluted mixture; a *swizzle** of crude contents and imperfect fermentation; mere puddle, that disgraces the bottle which incloses it, and preys upon the cork. Formerly, when wine was deoated, the diffusion of its grateful perfume regaled the olfactory organs of the assembled guests, and conveyed hopeful anticipations of its flavour; but now, the screw, like the spade of a grave-digger, only liberates a confined fætor,—a malarial taint that threatens destruction.

Then its effects! Thirty years ago three bumpers gave a felicitous concentration and just equipoise to the intellect; all the mental faculties, like palfreys delicately sensitive in the mouth, obeyed the gentlest check of the will, and Memory, 'the warder of the brain,' instantly produced any desired object from the stores in her keeping; the acuteness and comprehension of thought penetrated the recesses and grasped the treasures of philosophy; Judgment, with her nicely-trimmed balances, discerned the preponderance even of an atom; and Imagination, with expanded wings, darted rapidly through space, or rose majestically and floated at ease in the blue serene. We seemed to speak with new tongues; and conversation on ordinary subjects challenged a comparison with the beauties of the best authors. A pint of this nectar constituted every man a poet, orator, and metaphysician, and by the time he had drunk a bottle his discourse partook of the oracular—

'Till old experience did attain
To something like prophetic strain.

Quantum mutatus ab illo! Son of Semele, alas! how changed! Three glasses, my dear Watty, of your wine, which I allow to possess flavour, form an obnoxious potion; when swallowed I forget that it is in my stomach, and in continuing the carouse, I am obliged to have recourse to an artificial reckoning with counters; so that when I am most convivial, the company imagine I am dreaming of whist and scoring up my game. A pint puts me into a morbid delirium, and a bottle reduces me to a non-entity.

There are other causes for the decline and fall of the wine trade, (pathetically noticed by Lord —, who in his late celebrated speech, admitted that it had decreased, was decreasing, and to all appearance would decrease;) and these are to be traced principally to the necessities of the people, and to the wisdom that has resulted from privation. Some persons drink wine to recruit the system when exhausted by fatigue; others to enjoy its delicious flavour and gladdening inspiration; many took a definite or indefinite quantity after dinner through the mere force of habit, or for the sake of conforming to the society of which they formed a part; or— for any other reason why. Indeed this practice had become so general that every little shopkeeper had his modicum of port, sherry, or madeira; but when the national distress increased, they were no longer in a condition to afford this patrician luxury. A little calculation enabled them to perceive that a pint of wine a day drunk in a coffee-house amounted to 52l. 12s. per annum; and although it might be somewhat cheaper at home with respect to its original cost, yet the greater quantity consumed in occasional hospitalities and on domestic contingencies, caused a disbursement considerably exceeding the sum expended by the individual at the tavern. With all who wished to prosper, retrenchment became the order of the day; stern Necessity pointed her gun; and Fashion lowered her top-sails. It was directly considered, since various pernicious ingredients are requisite to counterfeit the exquisite flavour of wine of the old bin, so remarkable for its richness, sickness, and aroma, that a purer substitute might be adopted, especially as those impurities, defying the tests by which chemistry effects its subtler analyses, rendered the constitution of the unfortunate consumer the only criterion of its destructive tendency.

It is true, my dear Watty, that the persons holding high official situations in the state, drink, and largely too, of those wines that pay an enormous duty; all cabinet dinners and banquets

* A term common in the West India Islands, and to my certain knowledge, but too expressive of the qualities for the designation of which it was coined.

champaigne, burgundy, and hermitage, with other species equally or even more costly: this is highly proper for those personages, as they receive large salaries in a great measure indispensable for the effective discharge of those public duties with which their shoulders are burdened, their hearts overstrained, and their heads engorged. It is also true that their opponents, those vigilant and affectionate auditors of the receipts and issues of the public money, those perspicacious censors of all policy, foreign or domestic, are laudably emulous in the selection of stores worthy to replenish their cænophora; and both parties, however they may differ in opinion on other political questions, seem to agree that the maxim '*in vino veritas*' can be received as valid only on the implied condition that the wine itself be veritable. I like this spirit of emulation among our legislators. The *Lex*, or rather the *consuetudo regni*, requiring that the business of the nation, unlike that of private individuals, should be transacted after dinner, it is highly necessary that the mental energies of its conductors, under such a trying demand on their self-denial, should be sustained by restoratives of the purest and most exquisite kind. I have often amused myself with speculating on the inquiry how far the political contests, in days of yore, depended for success on the skill evinced *de part et d'autre, in rebus vinosis*. Contemplating this subject in another light, it has always appeared to me that the manifest superiority of the speeches delivered at Westminster over those uttered in the Common Council, might be at once accounted for, if we would simply compare the hours of assembling, and the bodily condition of the persons participating in the discussions at one place and at the other. However, I shall not trouble you to moot the point; between the sages of the east and west, the concerns of this prosperous and ruin-dreading nation seem to be managed after the judicious manner of the Goths, who subjected every public measure to two distinct tests, and deliberated once fasting, and once full, that the consequent decisions might not be reprehensible for lack of prudence on the one hand, or for want of spirit on the other.

All this seems quite in order. A taste for genuine and very expensive wines is commendable to the great and the opulent; in those who have to direct public concerns, and who possess the means, the skill, and the will to procure the all-important requisite for that purpose from the purest sources; but the case of private individuals is utterly different, and I am very glad to perceive that they are at length aware of the difference. To be sure they require a stimulus in one form or other; but the voice of economy, extorted by the pressure of taxation, bids them procure it at the least possible cost, and yet of the least exceptionable quality. To the memorable dictum of the sage, that 'water is best,' they reply, that certainly water, or if you please, milk and water, may be best for philosophers; but, for their own souls, exposed as they are, day after day, to the toils and cares of the world, the anxieties, the brawlings, the quarrellings, the *sendings and prongings* of ordinary life, they must adhere to the practice of their forefathers in adjusting the clockwork of human existence and oiling its wheels. They feel very grateful to the chemist already noted, for telling them that wines of every kind may be considered as more or less dilute solutions of alcohol, impregnated with different flavouring substances, and a little acid. Their joy in this discovery is only to be equalled by their alarm at the recent disclosure of certain arcana in the wine trade, in which they find an infinite of topics for comment and conjecture. No accident escapes them. If after being flushed with what he thought the Tuscan juice, a gentleman retire from a tavern rather disguised in liquor, they regard him as suffering from the effects of liquor in disguise. Curious conjectures are formed concerning the nature of that process which is called the *marrying*, or *doctoring* of wines, and this forced that the physic used for such purposes, however suitable in other respects, must tend to convert the wine themselves into

physic. By a very natural transition, this anxious spirit of inquiry has extended itself to humbler objects. If a slight allusion be made to the confessedly licentious vocation of *brewer's druggist*, it gives rise to a teasing train of doubts and misgivings: the very expression has something suspiciously empirical about it, which strikingly illustrates a well-known axiom, that 'the man who drinks beer, thinks beer.' Hence we indistinctly trace to its mysterious origin the narcotic influence of London's 'black champaigne'; we note its effects in the pallid stupidity of aspect which characterizes the more sedentary of the labouring classes; we are at no loss to account for the nocturnal slumbers, the watchmen; and no longer wonder at the charm which so easily lulled their wrath into apathy during the late violent influenza of Tom-and-Jerry-ism, when a whole syund of them, with the Dogberry and Verges of the night, after having been prevailed on, through the obliteration of sundry mugs of beer, to bury the remembrance of an affray in entire oblivion, would spontaneously continue their pacific orgies until, like Duncan's surfeited grooms,

'They mocked their charge with snores.'

Carrying these misgivings into futurity, we anticipate nothing from the loudly-promised status *chilly* and repulsive as snow-broth, and in summer will rapidly acquire an acrescency which will be tolerated nowhere, except in the cats of the blacking manufacturers.

The consequences of all this jealousy in regard to the baser and to the nobler liquor—to humble porter and to purple port, are very natural; and between you and me, they are very gratifying. For my part I rejoice (laughing in my sleeve) that for the sake of health as well as of economy, the most thinking part of this thinking nation have evinced a resolution to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of custom; and disavowing their former implicit deference for the *ipse dixit*, or perhaps too often the *tipsy dixit* of the vintner's or the brewer's druggist, have determined to take the law of conviviality into their own hands. They have already learned from experience, that by supplying themselves with alcohol in the form of brandy, rum, or malt spirit, in which fraud is easily to be detected, they have a much better chance of securing their well-being and comfort, than by continuing to dose themselves with that artfully simulated composition which bears the comical misnomer of Wine. They are all aware, that in adopting the former alternative every man may, in some sort, be the arbiter of his own social enjoyment. According to the taste, exigency, or whim of the innocuous and refreshing simplicity of sherbet, or tenacity of punch. In either case he may act as quality as well as the quantity of his refreshment;—a wine-glass may serve to regulate the dilution, dulcet, spirituous, and aqueous, in the or vary the ingredients of the composition to suit his own palate or that of his friends, provided always that he proceed orderly and with strict attention to measure. That this desirable moderation will prevail I have no doubt; and I again tell you candidly, my friend, that I exult sincerely in the change which is taking place. I look forward with confidence to the time when the ghost of our defunct friend Old Port, in the pitiable form of a hamper of ugly black bottles clogged with rotten saw-dust, shall cease to haunt the cellars of His Majesty's liege subjects, and when the china punch-bowl shall resume its place in the cupboard, above the ten-things, in all well-regulated families.

It is with difficulty that I can repress the inclination I feel to boast of the small share I have had in promoting this beneficial change, evincing, as it does, the adoption of a theory, which, while exercising my profession in the other hemisphere,

I recommended strongly, but alas! without effect, to our infatuated brethren of the West Indies. Yes, Watty, notwithstanding the impression left among them by my earnest remonstrances, they contemptuously reject a beverage which nature seems to have intended as a boon most genial to the climate, and have carried their taste for foreign luxuries to a ridiculous excess, especially since the time when we restored to our Gallic neighbours the colonies of which we eased them during the late war. From a stupid affectation of taste, or from the foolish vanity of being able to afford an expensive style of living, the besetting foible of a *parvenu*, they continue to drench themselves with claret of a spurious manufacture, or with 'particular' East India madeira, fabricated by the chemists of Harve de Grace from poor French wines and bad brandy; thus engraving upon the cachexy generated by a residence in that house of sickness, a complication of gout, palsy, jaundice, hepatitis, and hydrothorax. Reflecting on this hideous harvest of diseases, I feel compelled to wish that my countrymen may never swerve from the safe and salutary path which they seem to have voluntarily taken. To be sure I might have forbore to call your attention to the appalling mortality among our friends on the other side the water, as it will furnish you with a plausible pretext for strengthening the idle report that old Toddy never thought of transferring the benefit of his professional skill to his native country, until he had realized an ample fortune in a region less 'scarce of prey.' But, Sir, I am happy in the tranquil consciousness of having been ever a stranger to so selfish a feeling. Never did I think of quitting my post, until I found, to my inexpressible but disinterested affliction, that I had survived all my patients.

That you may attain a like advantage over your customers, I recommend to your serious consideration the hint thrown out at the commencement of this epistle; and subscribe myself, with all due regard, but with no very deep sense of obligation, your hearty well-wisher,

CHRISTOPHER TODDY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 23, 1823.

The following extract of a letter from Rome, dated 21st of June, contains an interesting piece of intelligence:

"It was supposed that the repeated researches which have been made on Mont Palatin had deprived that classic spot of all its monumental stores. Last week, however, there was found in a vineyard belonging to the English College near St. George, in the interior of an ancient chamber, and at the depth of four to five palms, a fine statue of Minerva. The head and the right hand are wanting, but in every other respect it is in a perfect state of preservation, and of exquisite execution. It is entirely draped, and the left hand is enveloped; the folds of the back part of the figure are of equal grace and taste with those of the front. An *Egis*, studded with stars, covers the breast."

The first volume of a work which will be very useful, if well edited, has just appeared under the superintendence of M. Courtin, ancien magistrat, &c. &c. It is entitled *Encyclopédie Moderne, ou Dictionnaire abrégé des Sciences et des Arts*, and will form twenty-four volumes in 8vo. M. Courtin has obtained the assistance of some of the first writers—M. M. Lanjuinais, Barbier, Arnault, Bory St. Vincent, Jony, Constant, &c. have engaged to furnish articles. I have not had time to examine the first volume; but works of this nature are much wanted here. This country is long behind England in those useful compendia, Biographical Dictionaries, Memoirs, &c. we have in untold numbers; but instruc-

tive compilations for the young and the middle classes are rare. Amusement, rather than information, has been the order of the day in literature.

Encore Voltaire! A prospectus by Chas-series promises us very shortly a collection of autograph and unpublished Letters from the inexhaustible portfolio of that indefatigable scribe.

Sainte Pelagie seems to be the favoured spot for literary inspiration. While *Les Hermites en Prison* are making the bookseller's fortune, M.M. Magallon and Barginet, both confined on political charges, are about to try their fortune. They have announced a collection of Poems, as the *Souvenirs de deux Prisonniers*. M. Magallon you will remember as the gentleman who was chained to a convict and marched to Poissy.

A free and happier author, Le Vicomte d'Arincourt, is also about to employ, for the fourth time, all Fame's hundred trumpets. A new Romance, and the *chef-d'œuvre!!* *voilà*, all that is as yet announced;—neither subject nor title are yet known.

Rossini, the fashionable Italian composer, has been at the point of death; and if a private letter says true, from indigestion, after a wager between him and his particular friend Paganini, the first violin in Italy. Rossini had wagered a large sum that he would eat for dinner six large fat lobsters. The composer gained his wager; but he was near losing it after all, and seemed to be about to depart, and, like Orpheus, charm the court of Pluto with his divine strains.

A fashionable Doctor lately informed his friends in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country. "Yes, (said one of the party,) it has been announced in one of the Journals."—"Ah! (said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly,) pray in what terms?"—"In what terms? why, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before.'" The doctor's neck was seen suddenly to shrink down, till his head nearly touched his shoulders; and shortly after he was missed from the salon, to the no small diversion of the company.

POPULAR PREJUDICES AND SUPERSTITIOUS IDEAS PECULIAR TO THE ESTONIANS.

Birth, Death, Baptism, &c.

PREGNANT women, when they lay wood in the stove, take care not to put it in contrary to the direction of the branches; this would influence the manner in which the child will present itself at the birth. . . . When two pregnant women sneeze at the same time, it is a sign that they will have girls; if the two husbands sneeze, it announces that they will have boys. . . . Great care is taken not to tread on the feet of pregnant women, otherwise their children would have deformed feet and crooked legs. . . . As soon as a woman after her lying in can sit at table, she is placed at the upper end, to procure the infant good treatment and distinction during its life. . . . Nothing heavy must be placed on a child's head, which would impede its growth. . . . The first thing a child lays hold of indicates his future inclinations; the parents therefore place within his reach such things as they wish their children to be engaged with in future. . . . When a child is born at the latter end of the week, it is a sign that he will marry late, or not at all. . . .

When the clergyman comes to visit a sick person, they remark whether his horse holds his head up, or the contrary; in the latter case they despair of the recovery of the patient. . . . A funeral must never pass through a field, even if it is fallow. . . . Many of the peasantry place near the deceased a brush, money, needle and thread, as so many necessary instruments to employ him in his long journey from this world to the other. . . . On returning from a funeral, the hearse is not immediately brought under cover, but left for a time in the open air, that other members of the same family may not soon die. . . . In some places food is put on the floor in a separate room, that the deceased may help himself. . . . Others, holding a broom in their hands, evoke the souls of their deceased friends, and invite them to a feast; and when they suppose the defunct to have eaten sufficiently, the broom is broken in token of their dismissal, at the same time desiring them not to tread upon the rye as they go away.

They have very particular ideas respecting the resurrection of the dead; some do not believe in it at all. . . . As they think that on the day of judgment the churches will fall towards the north, they have great dislike to being buried on that side.

At the christening of a child, they observe whether it holds its head up or hangs it down. The former indicates robust health and a long life; the last makes them fear an early death. . . . During the christening the father of the child runs as fast as he can round the church, in order to secure to the infant the gift of agility and nimbleness. This custom is particularly in vogue among the inhabitants on the sea-coast, where this quality is more essentially necessary. . . . They take great care not to have a christening soon after a funeral. . . . The godfathers and godmothers do not look at each other during the ceremony; without this precaution, the infant baptized would be subject to troublesome diseases, and would have the alarming privilege of seeing spirits. . . . Several parents fasten a ring to the child's linen, that he or she may marry early; others conceal money, bread, and garlic, in the child's garments, on the day of his christening. The two first ensure to him riches, and the last secures him from the power of witchcraft. . . . They despair of the life of the child if he goes to sleep during the christening. . . . The sponsors take care not to eat meat directly before the christening, that their godchild may not have the tooth-ache, which otherwise would be perpetual. . . . Parents who have had the misfortune to lose children in their infancy, often give to an infant the name of Adam or Eve, in the hope that the supernatural influence of these names will secure to the infant a long life. . . . They avoid having their children christened on a Friday; Thursday, on the contrary, is a fortunate day. Many of them firmly believe that a child christened on Friday will become good for nothing, and will perhaps even perish under the hands of the executioner.

They have also a thousand strange and superstitious ideas relative to the Communion:—There are some who, after having taken the consecrated wafer, endeavour, without being perceived, to take a part of it out of their mouth to use it for conjuring certain sorceries, and producing certain supernatural effects. . . . On the day of the Communion it is almost a general custom to drink to excess, under the persuasion that it will add to the

efficacy of the sacrament which they have received. . . . On the night after they have taken the Communion they sleep with a part of the clothes they had on, generally their stockings. On the same day they carefully avoid the use of tobacco, and do not go into the bath till many days after.

When it thunders, many country people believe that it is God punishing the devil; and they shut their doors and windows with the greatest care, lest the evil spirit should take refuge in their houses. . . . Others place two knives in the window, with the points upwards, to keep off the lightning. These latter do not suspect that they are such good natural philosophers. . . . They regard with religious awe places and things struck by lightning; above all, stones which it has broken to pieces. Where such fragments are found, they believe that it was there the evil spirit took refuge when the hand of God struck him. . . . Many believe the rainbow to be the cygnet which the thunder makes use of to pursue the evil genii. . . . Some fancy they can attract the wind from a certain quarter by holding up a serpent or a hatchet; and in the latter case, by hissing towards the quarter of the horizon from which they desire the wind to come. . . . On New Year's Eve, if any noise be heard in the house which they cannot easily account for, they are firmly persuaded that one of the family will die in the course of the year.

[To be concluded in our next.]

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA.

Frankenstein.—A Drama, in the bills called a "Romance of peculiar interest," was brought out at this Theatre on Monday. It is founded on Mrs. Shelley's Novel of Frankenstein; and though we certainly never could make out much of moral instruction or example from that imposing tale, we rejoice to be assured (by the playbills above quoted,) for the benefit of the community, that "the striking moral exhibited in this story, is the fatal consequence of that presumption which attempts to penetrate beyond prescribed depths, into the mysteries of nature."

But there are mysteries besides the mysteries of nature which it is dangerous to attempt to penetrate; and as among these are the mysteries of the Stage and Green-room, we are warned to restrain our presumption, nor dare to inquire into the secret of the prodigious puffing which this Play receives. We do not mean to say that it is so destitute of merits as to deserve extinction; on the contrary, it may fairly claim to run its course with other pieces through the season; but it is annoying, as it is injudicious in the parties interested, to have a merely passable production so overpraised as to provoke dislike and begot disappointment in audiences. Frankenstein, a young German philosopher, makes a man out of corpse-streets, and succeeds in animating his creature. This monstrous Being, however, fills him with inconceivable horror; he tries to destroy it, but in vain, for, possessed of supernatural energies, it is too strong for him; and in resentment for his ill usage, it savages itself on all that he loves. Thus it strangles his infant brother, blows his sweetheart's brains out, and ultimately leads its author to perish by the fall of an avalanche, which buries them together. Such is the main story; and a relief is thrown in by the introduction of a

comic clownish servant with a pert wife, and a love affair between Frankenstein's sister and his friend, one De Lacey. In our opinion the first of these expedients has a bad effect. To be relished, this Drama ought to have been entirely of the preternatural and terrible cast, with such variety as softer emotions and music could have given. But the buffoonery of Fritz is too violent a contrast, and it interrupts the feeling which the principal action is intended to inspire. Another great defect is the total absence of interest in the chief characters. . . . (the monster so designated in the bills,) is a thing with which we can have no sympathies in common; if we had, we would say it was very hardly treated in its new existence, and rewards its oppressors very severely. Frankenstein is also removed from natural affections; and, in short, there is nothing to move the heart in this extravagant composition.

In the way of acting, much spirit is shown. T. P. Cooke, as the "man new made," is as fine and frightful as possible. His entré is capital; and if the piece could have been kept up to that pitch, it would have been highly impressive. But the actor could not raise himself to the imaginary standard, for he is only five feet so many inches, while every body describes the Monster as appalling in stature and dreadful in form. Mr. Cooke does all that can be done to realize this, and his pantomime (for he does not speak) is exceedingly fine, especially in his becoming first acquainted with the nature of fire, of sound, &c. Mr. Wallack is also very impressive in the unhappy Frankenstein. Keeley, as Fritz, is ludicrous; and the other parts are adequately sustained by the musical and female talents of the House. Mr. Watson is the composer, and loses no credit on the occasion. The scenery attempts matters which, like the plot of the Romance itself, defy visible representation.

Mr. Rayner, &c.—In our last we merely mentioned the successful appearance of Mr. Rayner in the line of acting so powerfully filled by the late Mr. Emery. We have since had a more favourable opportunity of witnessing this performer's efforts as Giles in the *Miller's Maid*, and have been so much impressed with his merits as to consider them worthy of a distinct notice. The style of his predecessor, it will be well remembered by all lovers of the drama, was one combining common nature with a terrific force of passion, from which resulted striking exhibitions of the deepest tragical character belonging to untutored humanity in the lower casts of life. A provincial dialect completed the picture, and the struggles of Jealousy, Hate, Remorse, Despair, &c. were never more strongly portrayed than in English Doric, or perhaps we might say Breton form. Mr. Rayner occupies precisely the same ground, and produces his effects by the same means; but still there is a marked difference between him and Emery. His *courses*, for example, is not so *reined*; and the consequence is, that he sometimes excites a laugh in the Gallery where the acting ought to raise a quite opposite emotion. In the management of his features he does not display that varying flexibility which distinguished his original; but it must be confessed that where he does attempt the most passionate expression, he is less exaggerated, and not one whit less affecting. In the concluding scene of the *Miller's Maid*—at first the fixed and stern resolve—then the quivering lip and softened eye—then

the red-bursting face and choked utterance—and lastly, the agony of the sacrifice and the disordered exit, are all very admirably employed to impart the highest kind of excellence which can be given to this species of representation. With Miss Kelly playing up to this key, and Bartley not farther below it than his character occasions, the tableau is altogether a very fine one, and richly merits the plaudits and the tears which it extorts.

Another of the debutants here is a Mr. W. Brown, also from York. He is not so fortunate, as Harley's successor, in Matty Marvellous, as his compatriot is in Giles; but possesses some humour, though we thought it rather of the Bartlemy Fair class. His part is however a very disagreeable caricature, and requires much judgment to render it not offensive.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—There is a new Farce this evening.

VARIETIES.

Egypt.—M. Cailland, who returned to France from Egypt last May, has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, in which he attacks the accuracy of M. Belzoni's work, and defends himself from the criticisms of M. Raoul-Rochette. M. Cailland declares that M. Belzoni's drawings differ so much from those which he himself made from the various places, on the spot, as almost to tempt him to believe that M. Belzoni designed them from memory. This remark M. Cailland conceives to be especially applicable to the drawing of the first Temple at Sekktu, which, he says, contains a number of omissions and errors. He also charges M. Belzoni with great incorrectness in his topography.

Several Egyptian antiquities of great value have lately been presented to the Bristol Institution, by Mr. Webb, who left that city, about thirty years ago, to settle at Leghorn, where he now resides, and carries on a large mercantile concern.—*Bristol Paper.*

Return of Mr. Rask from Asia.—Professor Rask, of the University of Copenhagen, set out on a journey to Asia six years ago, chiefly with the intention of investigating the relations which exist, or which have existed, between the languages of India and Persia on the one hand, and those of the Gothic and Germanic nations on the other. This learned person had previously published an excellent Anglo-Saxon Grammar, and an Icelandic Grammar, also well received. Having travelled through Sweden and Russia, he stopped at Tiflis, in Georgia, made numerous excursions into Persia, whence from Bassora to Calcutta, and afterwards traversed Hindostan in various directions; so that we may expect a very learned work from him. We think, however, that a journey by way of Susdal (in Russia), Orenburg, Kaschgar, and Great Bucharia, would be useful to complete the researches which may be made in our days, into the ancient connexions between Asia and the north of Europe. Mr. Rask has brought with him a great many manuscripts in Sanscrit, Zend, Bengali, and Persian, among which are four copies of the *Zenda-vesta*, very different from that which M. Anquetil translated. He has made researches in the Bull writing, as well as into the Cuneiform writing of Babylon and Persopolis.

One of our Paris Letters says, "The lovers of the Arts, and especially Artists, are indebted to M. Henry de Latouche for a new

publication, designed to exhibit, in a series of engravings, the statues and bas-reliefs of Canova, now possessed by different proprietors, and scattered over different countries. This work is entitled *Recueil de gravures au trait, d'après les Statues et les Bas-reliefs de Canova*. Each engraving is accompanied by an explanation and an historic notice of the sculpture represented. There will be twenty livraisons, each containing five engravings. A livraison is to appear every month.—[This must resemble Mr. Moses' excellent work in England.—Ed.]

Jewish Periodical Publications.—It is said that several of the most learned Jews resident in Paris intend to commence the publication of a periodical work, devoted to the moral and social instruction of individuals of their own religious persuasion. In Germany there are already two works of this description—the *Juededia*, by M. Hornemann, at Berlin, and the *Soulawith*, by M. Frenkel, at Dessau.

A circumstance happened about a week ago to one of our poets, M. Denne-Baron, of whose publications I lately wrote you—certainly not very favourable to midnight or moonlight inspiration. Our poet, of a very contemplative turn, and of very soft and gentle manners, stopped, on his way from a visit to a friend, in the middle of the Place Notre Dame. It was past midnight, and he watched with admiration the effect of the waning moon on the gothic towers and buttresses of the venerable cathedral. All at once he was roused from his reverie by the sensation of being vigorously seized by each arm by two individuals. His first impression naturally enough placed him in the robust grasp of two robbers; and in order to extricate himself from their unwelcome pressure, he offered them all the money his purse contained. The gentlemen, however, refined his offer with a tone and air of dignity, and proved they could not be thieves, by announcing themselves as *agents de police*. On this a little dialogue took place: "What do you here?"—"You see, I admire that ancient monument."—"The hour is well chosen, certainly; but where are your papers?"—"I did not know it was necessary to have papers to look at Notre Dame."—"Without had intentions, nobody would stop at this time of the night before the church."—"You do not suppose, I hope, that I had the design of putting the towers in your pockets?"—"Insolent! follow us."—"But, gentlemen, I am well known; I am a member of several learned Societies, in which I have for colleagues several members of His Majesty's Government; I have translated the *Elegies of Propertius* into French verse, and published various Poems, which you must have seen mentioned and applauded in the Journals."—"Marchons." The Poet made no further opposition; he had no carnal weapons; and he followed his assailants to the Corps-de-Garde. There, in spite of his word of honour that he would not attempt to escape, he was put in the cage. The next morning four soldiers marched him before the Commissary of Police of the Quarter, who, being assured by the prisoner that he was perfectly known to several estimable writers, they were sent for. They explained who and what was the unfortunate detainee. M. Denne-Baron was released; had a good breakfast with his friends; and his only revenge is announced as a Poem entitled "The Cathedral Stealer, or the Holy Police."—*Paris Letter.*

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Whitaker's French Classics, vol. 3. 2s. 6d.
Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmigiano, 10s. 6d.—Porteus's Lectures, 1 vol. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
The Hermit Abroad, vols. 3 & 4, 12mo. 16s.—Lizars's Views of Edinburgh, 2s. 3d. 4s. 6d.; 1st. price 10s. 6d.
The Rivers of England, No. 1, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Estimate of Household Expenses, 12mo. 2s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For the sake of variety, we are induced to postpone the second and concluding Review of Bakewell's Travels—Circumstances also preventing our immediately doing full justice to the biography of the Abbe Guérin (our esteemed and regretted Correspondent *The Gleaner*, and under various signatures,) we defer for the present our intended notice.

Our valuable contributor under the signature of an *Old Sailor* will find a letter at the Office, addressed to him from the Editor, which will be delivered to his order on the initials being named which he has affixed to his private notes.

J. A. G.'s design is excellent: we are sorry there are such defects in the execution as to bar insertion. Thanks to *Cervinus*.—We are very sorry for T. S.—K. W. will find a letter at our Office.

To T. E. for his version of Psalm 137, we can now only say, as it is not suited to our columns, in one of his own lines: "Igneous violence, Babylon, mala."

E. A. is probably more correct than we were. We hardly know what apologies to offer to J. C. to T. L. to T. E. to J. F. H. to J. E. H. and to G. B. H. and in truth we cannot possibly attend to their several communications, for a fortnight to come. We fear there are other Correspondents in the same predicament, but they must consider individually, that the demands on our attention are very numerous, sometimes perplexing, and generally difficult.

It was by an oversight on the part of the Publisher, that an Advertisement not consistent with our plan, obtained insertion in last week's *Lit. Gaz.*

ERRATUM—No. 339, p. 459, col. 2, art. "Dalton," for *Odes read Aides*.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALM MALL.

Closing of the present Exhibition.

THE Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, including the celebrated Pictures, by Parmigiano, called *The Vision of St. Jerome*, lately purchased by the Institution, is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday next the 9th Instant. (By Order)

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The Reviewer of Musical Publications in *La Belle Assemblée*, for July, speaking of Mr. Nathan's Work, says, "While he has rendered his Essay an invaluable assistance to the Professor, the general interposition of Anecdote is so judicious, that it is no less calculated for the perusal of Juvenile Students, than must be read, even by those unacquainted with the Science, with interest and delight."

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The Subscribers to this Work who have not taken up all their Parts, are requested to do so immediately, through their Booksellers, as the few remaining Copies will very soon be made up into Sets.

WORKS OF CANOVA.—On the 1st inst. were published, Parts IX. & X. of a Series of Engravings in Outline, by Henry Moses, of the Works of ANTONIO CANOVA, in Sculpture and Modelling; with Descriptions from the Italian of the Countess Albrizzi.

These Parts will contain, 1. A very fine Line Engraving, by W. H. Worthington, of Canova in his Workshop, from a Painting by F. X. Fabre.—2, 3, & 4. The *Maestri*.—5. *Palamedes*.—6, 7, & 8. *Dancing Girls*.—9. *Venus*.—10. *Monument of Canova*.
Part VIII. published on the 1st of July, may be had, containing—1. *Socrates* about to drink the Poison.—2. *The Death of Socrates*.—3. *Cupid and Psyche*.—4. *Ceregrus* (Plate 9).—5. *Damocles* (Plate 3.)

This Work will be published Monthly, in Imperial 8vo. price 4s.; Imperial 4to. price 6s.; and 50 Copies only will be taken off at *India Paper*, price 10s. 6d. Each Part will contain five Engravings, with Letter-press descriptions. Specimens of the Engravings in Part XI. may be seen, and Prospectuses of the Work had of the Publisher, Septimus Prowett, 509, Strand, opposite Arundel-street.

THE NAPOLEON MEMOIRS.—The Second Livraison of this important Work is now published. It contains, among many other subjects of great interest, the account of the Expedition to Egypt, and the policy of the French with respect to that country.—The Battle of the Nile.—Napoleon's Remarks on Maritime War, and on the Navies of France and England.—Narrative of the March of the French Army on Cairo.—The Battle of the Pyramids.—The Taking of Cairo.—The Expedition of the French into Syria.—The Sieges of Jaffa and St. Jean d'Acre.—the defeat of Mustapha Pacha, at Aboukir, &c. interspersed with a variety of curious Observations on the Religion, Laws, and Manners of the Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, &c. The miscellaneous part comprises, Remarques on the Campaign of Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turpin, Prince Eugene, Frederick the Great, Charles XII. and Napoleon; with a comparison between the passage of the Alps by the latter, in 1800, and that of Hannibal.—Particulars of the Wars of Spain and Russia.—The History and examination of the Maritime claims of England, and the opposition made, (being at different periods by France, the United States, the Northern Powers, and America) to the neutrality of the Northern States.—The Battle of Copenhagen.—the Assassination of the Emperor Paul of Russia, &c. Forty-four Notes on the Work, entitled *Manuscript* from St. Helena, and that of M. Fleury de Chaboulon, &c. &c.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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IN THE PRESS.

CADIZ.—On Wednesday next will be published, by Edinham Wilson, Royal Exchange, with a MAP,

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JOY.—The MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, for August, No. 6, contains a finely engraved Portrait of the celebrated M. Joy, by R. Cooper; and a variety of interesting matter.

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The Numbers already published contain, Portraits of Chateaubriand; Götthe, Wieland, Madame de Genlis, and Monti.

The British Magazine, for August, contains, a fine Likeness of Nollekens—No. 1. Moore's 2. Kemble's 3. Miss A. M. Porter's 4. Sir R. Brydges, and 5. Campbell. Price 1s.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. LXXVIII. For July 1832.

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